Correspondence 1909 and After
Sarah Orne Jewett and her Circle

by

Sarah Orne Jewett

Edited by Terry Heller
Coe College.

Copyright 2026
Sarah Orne Jewett Press
1296 30th ST
Cedar Rapids, IA 52402

Editorial Practice in Transcriptions

^ ^ : The author has inserted text.

~~abc~~ : The author has deleted text.

[ ] : Editorial comments and descriptions.

{ } : Editorial insertions in pursuit of clarity.

Jewett's periods often appear as dashes, and also often are indistinguishable from commas. Where her intentions seem clear, I have placed commas and periods; when not sure I have given the dashes or included a note.

Like many of her correspondents, Jewett is not consistent in using other punctuation, especially apostrophes. I have presented words needing apostrophes as she and her correspondents present them.

As nearly as practical, these transcriptions mirror the appearance of the manuscripts. However, I cannot guarantee they are free of errors. Readers wishing for certainty when working with these letters should consult the manuscripts.

Internet Access to this Text

The Internet Archive

and

Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project

https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/1-jewettpress/index-sojp.html

Sarah Orne Jewett's Principal Correspondents

This list includes people mentioned frequently in this volume. A more fully annotated "Key to Correspondents" appears in a separate volume and on the internet here:

https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/let/Corresp/1-persons.html

Most people mentioned in this volume are identified in that list.

Jewett's immediate family

Mary Rice Jewett (18 June 1847 - 28 September 1930), Jewett's older sister, often addressed as O.P.

Sarah Orne Jewett's nicknames in these letters are **Sadie, Pin or Pinny, and P.L, for Pinny Lawson.**

Theodore Jewett Eastman (1879-1831) is mentioned often, the orphaned son of the youngest Jewett sister, Caroline Eastman. Nicknames in these letters are: **Thiddy, Stubby and variations**.

Others

Lilian Woodman Aldrich (1841-1927)**:** widow of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Dr. Robert (Brother Robert) Collyer (1823-1912), an English-born Unitarian clergyman working in New York City. He was a frequent visitor in the homes of both Fields and Jewett.

Louisa (Loulie) Loring Dresel (1864-1958), painter, photographer, traveler, a neighbor of Annie Fields.

Annie Adams Fields: (1834-1915), author and eventually Jewett's domestic partner. Jewett often refers to her as A.F. During their travels in Europe during this year, Fields and Jewett were accompanied by Fields's Irish-born employee, **Liza / Lisa.**

Louise Imogen Guiney (1861-1920), poet, essayist and editor.

William Dean Howells: (1837-1920), novelist, critic, editor at *Atlantic Monthly*, a mentor to Jewett.

Mary Augusta Ward (1851-1920), British novelist who published under her married name as Mrs Humphry Ward. Her daughter and partner, social worker **Dorothy Ward** (1874-1964), shared in this correspondence.

Katharine Peabody Loring to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*December 1908 - January 1909*]*

I hope everything begins to go better with you & dear Mrs Fields.

With love, yours faithfully
Katharine P. Loring.

Notes

1909: This note is inserted in Annie Field's "Diary and Commonplace Book" 1907-1912, suggesting that it was received about the time Fields began to make fairly regular entries, in January 1909.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Massachusetts Historical Society: Annie Adams Fields's "Diary and Commonplace Book" 1907-1912: Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221. This transcription was made mainly from a microfilm copy, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462, 1986, Reel 2.

Mary Amelia St. Clair to Annie Adams Fields

Jan. 9. 1909.

My dear Mrs Fields

It was a great pleasure to get your dear letter. How kind of you to write it when you had been ill & not up to writing & such a sweet letter so full of the things [that *?*] I most wanted said. I am so glad that you liked

[*Page 2*]

my poor Kitty,* who seems to have offended so many of my American reviewers. You always understand just what I mean in everything I've written, & you can't think how dear y. approval is to me.

I wish you cd. give a better account of y. self. I can't bear to think of y. being ill.

Y. letter reached me when

[*Page 3*]

I was in the country, in the cottage I go to under the Sussex Downs. It was very lonely & quiet all the time, & I got through some work. I've finished about one-third of my new novel, wh will be longer than "The Helpmate"; nearly as long, I'm afraid, as "The Divine Fire."* It has been more joy to do than anything since the days of Ricky,* but it is different,

[*Page 4*]

though more like him than his successors. There's really some interest in having a good solid piece of work stretching in front of you. But I don't know whether it has really "come off" or not — so far.

I've just had a nice long letter from Mr Gilder* to whom it will go.

I saw Mrs Wharton* not long ago when she was staying with Lady St. Helier. I liked her very much indeed.

And Mr Morton,* too, has been here. He had [*unrecognized word*] with me, & I dined & went to the

[*Up the left margin and then across the top margin of page 1*]

play with him. Such a nice man. A little [*unrecognized word* grieved *?*] because I will stand up for our brave "Suffragettes!"

[*Up the right margin of page 1*]

With much love to you & dear Miss Jewett [Jewitt *?*] & best wishes for it is still new year: always v. affectly ys May Sinclair.

Notes

Kitty: Sinclair's novel, *Kitty Tailleur* (1908) is the story of a woman who has been the mistress of a powerful man and then seeks legitimate marriage. It was challenging to conventional morality of the period.

"The Divine Fire": Sinclair's novel, *The Divine Fire* (1904), preceded *The Helpmate* (1907). Her next novel, *The Creators* (1910), was a long book. See *Miss May Sinclair: Novelist: A Biographical and Critical Introduction*, by Theophilus Ernest Martin Boll, p. 81. Savage Keith Rickman, nicknamed Ricky, is a fictional author, a main character in *The Divine Fire*.

Mr Gilder: Richard Watson Gilder. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs Wharton ... Lady St. Helier: American novelist, Edith Wharton (1862-1937). Wharton probably visited London activist and philanthropist, Susan Elizabeth Mary Jeune, Baroness St Helier (1845-1931).

Mr Morton: Possibly Johnson Morton. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, California: James

Thomas Fields Papers and Addenda (1767-1914), Letters of Sinclair, mss FL 1-5637. May Sinclair, when she abbreviates a word as well as with some titles places some of the letters in superscript position. I have elected not to duplicate this practice in the transcriptions of this letter.

Annie Adams Fields to Isabella Stewart Gardner

[*In upper right corner, penciled in Gardner's hand:* 1909]

Sunday. [*10 January 1909*]

Dear Mrs. Gardner:

You would be pleased if you could see the pleasure your little play* gave to my three ladies. Miss Longfellow* could not express the gratitude she felt in being told of it, and Miss Jewett (which is the real reason of this note) said quite simply from her bed this morning, she could not say when anything had left such an [ineffauble *so written*] impression of the purity and sweetness

[*Page 2*]

belonging in our minds at least to that earlier era, where indeed we know from Arts' positive proofs, that it existed{.} I have to thank you too for making the access so easy. Nevertheless I was not quite able to go myself. Mrs. Crafts* told me in the afternoon how beautiful your setting of the play was in the Gothic Room. I feel as if I had been there!

Affectionately and truly your
Annie Fields

All of us wish to send love & thanks to the much loved Lady of Fenway Court.

By the way, can you come on Thursday the 14th for a luncheon at one o'clock to which I am about to ask Mrs Stillman and Miss Grace Norton* with whom she is staying. Do if possible and oblige your

A.F.

Notes

little play: Penciled in another hand on back of the letter: "The Xmas play given for benefit of Messina earthquake sufferers." An earthquake of 28 December 1908 nearly destroyed the city of Messina, Sicily, and caused much other devastation in southern Italy. Shana McKenna, Archivist at the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, says this note was made by Morris Carter, Gardner's first biographer and her personal assistant from 1919-1924. McKenna provides this note on the play:

> 9 Jan 1909: Christmas Play performed in Gothic Room, for the benefit of the sufferers from the earthquake of 28 December 1908, in Messina, Italy. $1480 forwarded to Archbishop O'Connell, as a contribution to the relief fund of the Pope. (Morris Carter, *Isabella Stewart Gardner and Fenway Court*, 1925, p. 212).

Carter also says that the "little French Christmas play," a New Year's gift to Mrs. Gardner from some of her friends, was first was given on 30 December of 1908 (p. 211-12). The play has not been identified.

Miss Longfellow: Alice Mary Longfellow. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Crafts: This transcription is uncertain. Others have read it as "Crofts." It seems more probable that Fields wrote "Crafts" and that she was referring to Clemency Haggerty (1841-1912), wife of former M.I.T. president, James Mason Crafts (1839-1917).

Mrs. Stillman and Miss Grace Norton: For Grace Norton, Key to Correspondents.

While this is uncertain, it is possible that Norton was entertaining a visit from Marie Spartali Stillman (1844-1927), a British Pre-Raphaelite painter. Her husband, William James Stillman (1828-1901), a journalist and artist, had been a friend of Norton's brother, Charles Eliot Norton (1827-1908), American author and a professor of art.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Fenway Museum, Papers of Isabella Stewart Gardner, Fields, Annie (Adams) (Mrs James T. Fields) 1882, 3 M letters, n.d., 1909, and letter from Mary S. Savell [Mary E. Garrett] to Annie Fields, 1903. 1915.

Eliza Orne White to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*14 January 1909*]

Dear Miss Jewett,

I was so disappointed when it rained, and so sorry that I was out of town the night you telephoned, for, otherwise, I might at least have had a little talk with you — I was staying in a doctor's family, and they were reading aloud to me, my nearly finished novel,* so that I had all my

[*Page 2*]

people's illnesses right! (Once on a similar occasion I found that I had given some one grippe, when she really had malarial fever!) There, the telephone kept interrupting us at intervals, sometimes only five minutes apart, and I could not help thinking how

different it was in its more serious aspects, hearing messages of sickness and trouble from my friendly [*two unrecognized words*]

[*Page 3*]

seldom carries a message for me more than two or three times a day, and almost invariably is the bearer of pleasant news —

Do please try again! I am always at home on Tuesday afternoon, so, if you come then you will find a cup of tea, in addition to the warm welcome, which will await you on any day, and, if you telephone there is scarcely even one

[*Page 4*]

afternoon when I cannot arrange to be at home for a part of the time.

Very sincerely yours,
Eliza Orne White —
Brookline, 222 High Street.
January 14, 1909 —

Notes

novel: White's 1909 novel was *The Wares of Edgefield*.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 5, Item 233. I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Edith Emerson Forbes to Annie Adams Fields

January fourteenth
1909*

[*Begin letterhead*]
MILTON HILL
[*End Letterhead*]

Dear Mrs Fields

My dear Ellen* died this morning at daybreak — and we are rejoicing that she is released. In spite of every chance that she could not fail to suffer, the skill of her doctors and nurses and her own [buoyant *corrected*] happy temperament have carried her safely

[*Page 2*]

through with no pain and great comfort and enjoyment — triumphing over all ills with little heed of them and her clear mind and glad interest in every one else's pleasures have made her last two months beautiful to witness.

It is only six days since she began to lose speech and memory but not affection and her dear smile was quick to respond to a word

[Page *3*]

or a touch from us — whom she knew till Tuesday when she lost all consciousness. They assure me there was no suffering — she talked of recovery as long as she could speak — On Friday or Saturday she told the doctors she had passed the two months of descent and was now beginning the ascent — too true!

Please give my love to Miss Jewett and tell her if she is well enough to care to be with us — the service will be Sunday in Concord at the Unitarian Church on the

[Page *4*]

arrival of the 1.10 train on the Fitchburg division & the return will be on the Lowell

road after four. I have not the minutes in my mind —

Affectionately yours
Edith E. Forbes

It has been a pleasant work to arrange a service with Edward* that shall describe my dear Ellen's character in the language of the Bible she loves —

Notes

1909: This letter was inserted in Annie Field's "Diary and Commonplace Book" 1907-1912.

Ellen: This letter concerns the death and funeral of Ellen Tucker Emerson (1839-1909), who died 14 January. Edith and Ellen were sisters, the daughters of American poet and essayist, Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) and Lydia Jackson (1802-1892). Key to Correspondents.

Edward: Edward Waldo Emerson (1844-1940), brother to Edith and Ellen Emerson, then an anatomy instructor at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Massachusetts Historical Society: Annie Adams Fields's "Diary and Commonplace Book" 1907-1912 : Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221. This transcription was made mainly from a microfilm copy, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462, 1986, Reel 2. Page 4 of this letter was transcribed by Sabina Beauchard of the

Massachusetts Historical Society.

Edith Emerson Forbes to Annie Adams Fields

January twentieth
1909*

[*Begin letterhead*]
MILTON HILL
[*End Letterhead*]

Dear Mrs Fields

Thank you for the laurel wreath which we liked very much and were glad to have in the church for dear Ellen's* last Sunday there. We think she would have taken great delight in the thought of being borne shoulder-high by five nephews

[Page *2*]

two nephews in law and a cousin nearly as dear – for I never introduce him without beginning to say nephew, and then remember I must make it cousin. The church was full all but a few seats of those who loved her truly – Her own pew was empty closed with a purple ribbon and a gift of white carnations and mignonette which Eleanor Whiteside* sent to me. Edward and I pre-

[Page *3*]

pared a service which we felt suited Ellen's life and character. It is easy to describe her in Biblical language. We know how Concord will miss her with us – But poor Miss Legate* will suffer more than any one else – it seems to break up life for her after twenty years together – They are all urging me to go away for a rest –

[Page *4*]

I cannot yet – and have prevailed, I think, in my wish to wait till February fourteenth. Even then I shall go reluctant for I have much to do that will be a burden to me in the spring when my garden is wanting me.

Waldo* will take me away to Florida probably – I hope I can see you before I go – Affectionately

Edith E. Forbes

[*A note by Annie Fields, appended to this letter.*]*

S.O.J and I were unable to go to the funeral because the weather was very bad, but there was a large church full, her father's beautiful passages written after the death of his first wife Ellen Tucker were read and her favorite hymns were sung, very beautiful altogether. We were very sorry not to have been there.

Notes

Ellen's: This letter concerns the death and funeral of Ellen Tucker Emerson (1839-1909), who died 14 January. Key to Correspondents.

Eleanor Whiteside: Probably this is Eleanor Anne Shattuck Whiteside (1842-1918), who resided on Beacon Street in Boston, with her son, Alexander Whiteside, Jr., who was a lawyer.

Miss Legate: Helen Legate (1858-1945) was an educator and a close friend of the Emerson siblings: Edward, Ellen and Edith.

Waldo: Ellen Emerson's brother, Edward Waldo Emerson.

Fields's note: Fields appears to have written the note on the final page, turning the page upside-down and writing around Mrs. Forbes's signature.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Massachusetts Historical Society: Annie Adams Fields's "Diary and Commonplace Book" 1907-1912 : Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221. This transcription was made mainly from a microfilm copy, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462, 1986, Reel 2. Transcription by Sabina Beauchard of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Edith Emerson Forbes to Sarah Orne Jewett

January twentieth
1909

[*Begin letterhead*]
MILTON HILL.
[*End letterhead*]

Dear Miss Jewett

I loved your daffodils and they were arrayed on one side of the pulpit* with other spring flowers pansies, hyacinths violets and tulips and looked so cheerful and gay — The other side of the pulpit had red roses and ^red^ carnations and ^the^ pulpit [was *corrected*] all covered

[Page *2*]

with flowers callas and lilies in the centre with white and pale pink shading to the spring flower side and deep pink to pale on the red rose side — It was beautiful and so were the flowers that covered Ellen — The snowy day too pleased me — but I am very sorry it prevented you and Mrs Fields from being with us. I am going back on Sunday when Mr Macdonald* has

[Page *3*]

a Memorial Service —

Thank you for your letter and the flowers —

Your loving friend,
Edith E. Forbes

We had your glass basket of the last birthday full of pink camellias in the study with dear Ellen who looked like a holy saint.

Notes

pulpit: Edith Emerson Forbes (1841-1929) thanks Jewett for flowers sent for the funeral of Ellen Tucker Emerson (1839-1909), who died 14 January.

Annie Adams Fields wrote on this letter the same note she wrote on Forbes's letter to Jewett of 20 January, turning the page upside-down and writing around Mrs. Forbes's signature.

Macdonald: Loren B. Macdonald (1857-1924) was pastor of the First Parish Unitarian Church in Concord, MA. He was the author of *Life in the Making: An Approach to Religion Through the Method of Modern Pragmatism* (1911).

The manuscript of this letter appears in Fields's "Diary and Commonplace Book" 1907-1912, held by the Massachusetts Historical Society: Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221. This transcription was made from a microfilm copy, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462, 1986, Reel 2.

Alice French to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*22 January 1909*]

[*Begin letterhead*]
321 EAST TENTH STREET
DAVENPORT, IOWA
[*End letterhead*]

My dear, dear [Sara *so spelled*] Jewett: —

For a long while I have been meaning to write to you a few lines just to say how I <u>hate</u> it to not have even seen you during the year. But many things have come in between and now I just <u>will</u> write it though an imperious bit of work is demanding me.

And I will just say only that lately I have been reading over a number of your books { — }

[Page *2*]

they are the Real Thing.

The poseurs may come
and the poseurs may go
And Alden their trumpets may
flourish and blow*

but in the end to have understood the deep things of the human heart and revealed them so beautifully that they move the careless, so simply that the children of the soul can understand — that is what shall endure. Please

[Page *3*]

know [how you are and Miss *so it appears*] Jewett and dear Mrs. Fields.

It has not been happy with me of late: my dear sister-in-law* who was the same as a sister to me died last month after only four days illness, of [apendicitis *so spelled*].

It has been a crushing blow to us all. Her poor husband and son (her only child, a young man of twenty one) and her two sisters have gone South.

She was a most devoted wife and mother. When I tell you that she said once "I don't want George <u>even</u> to feel that he can't bring as many friends as he wants home with him

[Page *4*]

any time!" and that she always lived up to her principles{,} you will understand that the phrase is literal. She was at once a most exquisite housekeeper: yet one who never worried. She had taste that was a virtue as our dear Mme Blanc* used to say and was so charming{,} so dainty: yet she had the coolest and clearest head in the world.

She was one of those listeners who give you the impression of having said the very things you wanted because she seemed (and <u>was</u>) so interested.

Forgive all this but so often I have talked of you to her.

I truly hope you have had a good year and are feeling

[Page *5, letterhead*]

better. And for this year please let me wish that I may see you.

Always yours affectionately
Alice French.

Pity me. I am writing a real <u>not</u> a play novel. (at least I try to think it will be real) a Study of the negro called The Long Way Out.* It's a mess, now.

January the twenty second = 1909

Notes

blow: French probably has composed her own verse. The transcription of "Alden" is uncertain. She may have used this word in its Old English definition, "old friend."

sister in law: French's sister-in-law was Clara Virginia Decker (1861 - 16 December 1908), wife of her brother, George Watson French (1858-1934). Find a Grave.

Long Way Out: Alice French completed this novel in 1909, but it was not published. See *Journey to Obscurity: The Life of Octave Thanet* (1965) by George McMichael.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 2, Item 70 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Frances Morse

Friday afternoon [*January* 23, 1909].

Dearest Fanny, — I have just been to Berwick for a few days, and I thought I should certainly write to you, and then I didn't! I don't often have one of the days when I couldn't do anything *but* write, — but this five minutes seems quite unaccountably to be mine this first afternoon in town. I have wished to ask you if you have seen or would care to see a new story of Mr. James's — "The Jolly Corner" (it is a corner and was once jolly).* There are lovely things in it and a wonderful analysis of fear in the dark, so that it may please you better by day than by night, as it did me! I have been reading over again, too, Vernon Lee's "Hortus Vitæ," and wondering if that were the book of hers that we talked about last year; it is the one with the lovely dedication to Madame Blanc-Bentzon.*

I chiefly wish to tell you about a drive yesterday "down the other side of the river "; the river frozen (the tide-river I mean now); the snow very white and thinly spread like nicest frosting over the fields, and the pine woods as black as they could be, — no birds, but the tracks of every sort of little beastie. They seemed to have been *all out* on visits and errands and going *such* distances on their little paws and claws; somehow it looks too much for a mouse to go half a mile along the road or across a field. Think how a hawk would see him! I think we knew every track but one, — it had long claws like a crow's and a tail that never lifted; we settled upon a big old rat who had come up from an old wharf by the river-side.

Dear Fanny, I do so hope that you are getting stronger; being sick is fun compared to getting well, as dear Mr. Warner* used to say. Do take long enough; I have had such drear times trying to play well when I *wasn't!*

Notes

"The Jolly Corner": Henry James's "The Jolly Corner" appeared in *The English Review* in December, 1908.

Madame Blanc-Bentzon: Lee's *Hortus Vitae. Essays on the Gardening of Life* (1904) opens with a dedication which consists of a letter to Madame Th. Blanc-Bentzon. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Warner: Charles Dudley Warner (1829-1900), editor at *Harper's* (1884-1898), co-author with Mark Twain of *The Gilded Age* (1873).

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

---

31 January 1909

Jewett suffers a paralyzing stroke at the home of Annie Fields, Charles Street, Boston.

Chronology of Jewett's Final Months
as Reflected in the Correspondence and in the Press.

31 January: Jewett's stroke at the Boston home of Annie Fields.

4 March: Mary Rice Jewett is helping to care for her sister at the Fields home.

7 March: Atlanta *Constitution*. Boston, March 6. Sarah Orne Jewett, the author, is seriously ill at her home in this city from a complication of diseases. According to her physician, there is little hope of her recovery.

8 March: New York *Times*. Boston, Mass. March 7. — Some improvement was shown to-day in the condition of Sarah Orne Jewett, the author, who is critically ill at her home in this city. Dr. James M. Jackson, her physician, stated, however, that the condition of Miss Jewett was still precarious, and her recovery doubtful.

16 March: Boston *Daily Globe*: There is a marked change for the better in the condition of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, who has been critically ill at the home of her friend, Mrs James T. Fields, 148 Charles st. Miss Jewett is steadily improving, though it is not yet certain that she is out of danger.

21 April: Jewett is moved to her home in South Berwick, ME.
There she is cared for by her sister, Mary, the household servants, and by two nurses, a Miss Ryan and Florence Estelle Merrill.

About 14 June: Fields visits Jewett in South Berwick.

21 June: Fields writes to Lilian Aldrich that Jewett is near death.

24 June: Jewett's death.

26 June: Funeral

From Annie Fields's manuscript *Diary and Commonplace Book, 1907 - 1912*

4 February

My dear S.O.J. was stricken down early Sunday morning{,} a small blood vessel giving way in the brain. They think she is recovering today though we have had anxious days and nights. This was four days ago — Jessie Cochrane* is due & her sister Mary, two nurses (they ^nurses^ [does *intended* do] not sleep in the house or I could with difficulty manage it){,} Theodore her medical nephew and the Dr coming from time to time. It appears a strange moment to start in for a little diary, but it is a great pleasure to note down the attentions of friends. The house is full of flowers ----

10 February

She still lies half asleep half conscious as she has done from the first. The doctor comes infrequently because until this stupor is thrown off we can know and do nothing. She takes a little food each day —

Friends are doing all in their power to alleviate the situation for us. Jessie went yesterday to hear the rehearsal of The Hymn of Praise by Mendelssohn* exquisitely given under Mr. Lang — prepared for the Centennial of Lincoln which is close at hand — Mary went to carry some of the [burden or garden ?] to [Mrs ?] Fitz & Mrs Grew — *

…. Willa Cather came from New York on purpose to ask after dear S. O. J. and to see me. She stayed an hour in the P.M. and took tea — Mary sat with us awhile but getting tired perhaps went upstairs for a time and Jessie C. came in; the latter had been hearing the Rehearsal of Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise gloriously sung in preparation for Lincoln's birthday on the 12th{.} It is sung by picked singers from all the church choirs of this city. Also she had been to see Alice Howe* still a great invalid, etc.

11 February

We cannot see the way before us. Our dear invalid still lies sleeping and half-waking by turns — She is often very amusing & told the nurse last night that she wanted John to buy a five cent mousetrap* this morning to catch me with! We are anxious to keep her quiet, so I go very seldom into her room

12 February

Abraham Lincoln's birthday ---- S.O.J. still lies sometimes in sleep sometimes restless.

10 March

Every day seems to bring some good reason why I should not write any personal record on these pages — Perhaps some record of our friends is still better worth having and this shall not altogether stop, at least — Conditions in this house are much the same as they have been since Feby 1st except that our friend Jessie Cochrane has gone away from us to Washington & Louisville and Miss M. Jewett stays on. Two nurses still in attendance and my friend still in a low state. Though reviving a little from time to time. The bed begins to be very wearing and the inability to move. Who can know what the end will be?

A constant fall of flowers would quite cover her if they were left in her room and the messages of love from her friends of which these blossoms are the emblem give her a large & continuing pleasure —

22 April

Came Sarah's first letter written as she was recovering and written the morning after her return to South Berwick —

Notes

Jessie Cochrane: Key to Correspondents.

Centennial of Lincoln: Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), the 16th President of the United States, was born on 12 February.

Wikipedia says: "Lobgesang (Hymn of Praise), Op. 52 (MWV A 18[1]), is 'A Symphony-Cantata on Words of the Holy Bible, for Soloists, Chorus and Orchestra' by [German composer] Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847). After the composer's death it also was published as his Symphony No. 2 in B-flat major, a naming and numbering that is not Mendelssohn's."

Wikipedia also says: Benjamin Johnson Lang (1837-1909) "was an American conductor, pianist, organist, teacher and composer." Though he often conducted and performed with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he never became its conductor, but instead served as organist of King's Chapel in Boston. "His last appearance as a conductor was on February 12, 1909, when he conducted the BSO and a chorus for a commemoration of the centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. He presented Mendelssohn's Lobgesang ("Hymn of Praise"), which he had also conducted at the Emancipation Jubilee concert in 1862."

Mrs Fitz & Mrs Grew: Among Fields's friends were Henrietta Goddard Wigglesworth (1847-1929) and

her husband, Walter Scott Fitz (1838-1900), and Boston businessman and philanthropist Robert Sturgis Grew (1834-1910) and his wife Jane Norton “Jennie” Wigglesworth (1836-1920).

Alice Howe: Alice Lloyd Greenwood (Mrs. George Dudley) Howe. Key to Correspondents.

mousetrap: Mouse is one of the affectionate nicknames Jewett gave to Fields.

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

201 West 55th Street
[*17 February 1909*]

Dear Friend

A rumor has reached us that Sister Sarah is very ill and we want to know if this is true{.} I have waited some days thinking I might hear from you if there is any such trouble [—] pray drop me a line{.}

Yours always
Robert Collyer
New York Feb 17th 1909

Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 11: mss FI 1-5637.

Mary Augusta Ward to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin letterhead*]
25 GROSVENOR PLACE S.W.
[*End letterhead*]
[*24 February 1909*]*

My dear friend

I have been so deeply deeply distressed to hear from dear Sally* this week how very ill Sarah has been and is. It goes to my heart to think of [your *corrected*] anxiety and her state. That it should have happened to her of all people, — the darkening of so bright and dear a mental life! — And what a strain

[Page *2*]

of grief on you! I do hope* there are kind friends [looking *?*] after you and caring for you. But I am sure there are for you have so many [who *?*] love you because you have loved many.

If dear Sarah is at all conscious or herself, will ^you^ sometime breathe to her that 'Mary Ward sends her dear love & tender sympathy.' I wait anxiously

[Page *3*]

for news that I trust you may be able to send me. — I am so sorry that you and Ethel* have not met. She told me she wants to give ^5^ lectures in three days, which I suppose was a great rush, and horribly tiring! — but I am sad that she was not able to go to Charles St — — She has had a very great success but I shall be glad when we get her home not quite worn out! — As for me, I am well though very busy. 'Marriage à la Mode' was

[Page *4*]

finished a week ago. It is a 'moral tale', but I have put the moralizing into the mouth of my American officer Captain Boyson, which I hope will make it inoffensive to Americans! The gist of it does in fact represent what was impressed upon me in America, — the levity with which divorce is sought, & the ease with which it can be [*deleted word*] got. I will send you the complete page proofs [dear *?*]

[*Cross written over the first 6 lines of page 2*]

any day this week or next; and on Friday I am to debate woman suffrage with Mrs Fawcett* before a crowded audience — a horrid prospect. So life is full enough.

I must go back to the writing of my speech{.}

Ever dear Mrs Fields with deep grief and sympathy for our dear & honored Sarah

affectionately yours
Mary A. Ward

Notes

1909: Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Fields in Boston, cancelled in London on 24 February 1909.

Sally: Sarah Norton. Key to Correspondents.

hope: Ward has cross written on the first 6 lines of this page, and the transcription of these lines as well as of the cross-writing is more than usually uncertain.

Ethel: Ward's sister, Ethel Arnold (1865-1930), a British suffragist and niece of the poet, Matthew Arnold.

Mode: Ward's *Daphne* (1909), published in the U.S. at first as *Marriage à la Mode*.

Fawcett: British author and woman suffrage activist, Millicent Fawcett (1847-1929). According to Wikipedia, "in1908 [Ward] became the founding

President of the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda: mss FI 5637, Box 64, Ward, Mary Augusta (Arnold), 14 pieces.

Margaret Emily Gaskell* to Sarah Orne Jewett

84. Plymouth Grove,
Manchester
24 Feb. 09.

My dear Mifs Jewett,

The very day after my darling Sister died, I had a very bad fall, owing to the shock — and faintness.

I cut my facial nerve, and my eyes were affected for a time —

This has thrown me terribly behindhand with

[Page *2*]

my writing —

I really think that the more I believed in people's sympathy and imagination, the longer I dared delay acknowledgements —

Your delightful book (for I have "taken the fences", as reviewers say) brought back a whole flood of memories.

[Page *3*]

Julia* and I had so often talked about the day when you and M^rs^. Fields came here — and I can see quite distinctly the look on Julia's face as she talked to you, and I remember feeling that you recognized what an angel of goodness and sweetness she

[Page *4*]

was. She grew ever nearer to God, and her tender devotion and constant self-sacrifice made her the "Saint" that she has been called.

For me, the parting has been agony — but I ought to dwell on what will, I trust, not be very far off —

[Page *5*]

that blessed reunion in the Kingdom of God —

If only I may be thought worthy to follow her.

Ever with heart-felt thanks, aff^ly^. yours

M. E. Gaskell

Notes

Gaskell: Margaret Emily Gaskell (1837-1913) and Julia Bradford Gaskell (1846 - 24 October 1908) were daughters of the British novelist, Elizabeth Gaskell (1810-1865). Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Gaskell, M.E. 1 letter; 1909. (78). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Mary Rice Jewett to Robert Collyer

148 Charles St.*
March 4th, 1909

Dear Brother Robert:

I am glad to tell you that dear Sarah seems more comfortable today and we hope is really better. She had a very sharp attack of neuralgia on Saturday which took away much strength, for the moment, but she seems to be regaining it now.

We are always anxious of course in such a case as hers, and I believe I shall never cease to be now as long as we live, but at the same time so

[Page *2*]

grateful that she is being spared to us. She seems cheerful these days, but is not yet strong enough to talk or be talked to very much. The old fun is still there however and comes out in the most sudden flashes sometimes.

Mrs. Fields seems as well as usual I think now, and is able to get out for a drive on the pleasant days, you will be glad to know. It is wonderful what tremendous strain such a delicate person can go through sometimes, isn't it?

We hear sad tales of Washington

[Page *3*]

weather this morning, but here we only had a little snow which has already begun to disappear. I send love both from Mrs. Fields and Sarah knowing they will wish me to, as well as my own, and am always yours affectionately

Mary R Jewett

Notes

148 Charles St.: The Boston address of Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents. After this address appears what seems to be "4" in superscript, in the same ink and handwriting.

The manuscript of this letter is held in the Sarah Orne Jewett Papers, Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Box 3 Folder 206.

Annie Adams Fields to Robert Underwood Johnson

148 Charles Street
Boston March 10th 1909*

Thank you dear Mr. Johnson for your very kind letter.

Mifs Jewett is, we hope, gaining although very slowly. I told her yesterday of your letter and the kind messages in it from Mrs Johnson for us both. Such things make her feel better, she says. She has been ill since the first day of February which seems a life-time as you can well believe but she does not suffer and is as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

With renewed thanks to you both from your

Annie Fields

Note

This manuscript is held by the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin. MS Johnson, RU Recip. Fields, Annie, 7 ALS, 1 APCS to Robert Underwood Johnson.

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin letterhead*]
201 West 55th Street
New York
[*End letterhead*]

April 10th 1909

Dear Friend

How are you your own self, and Sarah, and Mary — I long to have the scart o' yer fren.* Are you in good heart and health. I mean well for you. Otherwise I know you are cheerful as they make 'em or can be — I am* — unusually well, no cold, no fever, and not fretful — Mrs Savage* is with us for a visit from Cleveland, and placed Mr Savage in the Sanitariam or is it U m — , until her* — return — I am reading Whittiers Life and Letters* once more and with a new delight — He seems to be "not dead but just away."* What a man [is *intended* he *?*] is surely. I said a few days ago now I will read The Wings of the Dove* but have broken down. It is the only story of or by James I cannot read to the finish { — } it tires me so. Have Austin Dobsons* early volume in hand but skips sadly — Crawfords* death saddens me more than a mite but I think

[Page *2*]

he had done his best work and that is very good. I think The Atlantic* is changing in the new hands not for the better{,} don't you?

With love to the household as ever yours
Robert Collyer

Notes

fren: Almost certainly, Collyer means that he wishes he could see his friends in person, but the precise meaning of this apparent dialect is not yet known.

am: Collyer has made a clear dash mark after "am" but above the line of his script. However it is not clear whether this is intended as meaningful.

Mrs Savage: Collyer's son, Robin/Robert Staples (1862-1928), married Gertrude Savage, daughter of his Unitarian colleague, Minot Judson Savage (1841-1918). His wife was Ella Dodge Savage (1845-1916), See Collyer in Key to Correspondents.

her: Collyer has made a clear dash mark after "her" but above the line of his script. However it is not clear whether this is intended as meaningful.

Whittiers Life and Letters: American poet, John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892). Key to Correspondents. His two volume *Life and Letters* (1894) was edited by Samuel Thomas Pickard.

Wings of the Dove: The 1902 novel by American author, Henry James. Key to Correspondents.

away: Collyer omits several periods in this letter. I have supplied them where they seem necessary.

Austin Dobsons: British poet, biographer and essayist, Henry Austin Dobson (1840-1921). As he was a prolific author, it difficult to know which of his books Collyer was reading.

Crawfords: Popular American novelist Francis Marion Crawford (1854- 9 April 1909).

Atlantic: In 1908, Ellery Sedgwick (1872-1960) purchased and became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 11: mss FI 1-5637.

Alice French to Annie Adams Fields

[*Typed in red*]
Clover Bend, Ark. April 19, 1909
[*Begin Letterhead in red*]
Mayflower Club.
6 Park Street.
[*End letterhead*]

Dear Mrs Fields: —

Alas! I have a previous engagement to dine with some youngsters. I feel so sorry. Will you let this little nosegay be my proxy?

Very gratefully and sadly

Alice French

[Page *2*]*

[*Typed in red*] Clover Bend, Ark. April 19,1909

[*Typed in blue*] Dear Mrs. [Field *so spelled*]; --- You are so very, very good to write me. How I wish I were nearer! But you see I have a good friend in Boston whom I can tell what I want sent to my friends; and it goes. I have been ill myself, nothing in comparison to your dreadful months but for me who do not recall more than a comfortable week in bed, since I was a child { — } rather a mean experience since I was ill for three weeks unable most of the time to sleep in bed because of my constant and infernal cough; and obliged to sleep or rather doze in a Morris chair, loathing food and hating wines and liquors with a vehemence that (could they but have made a Culture of it!) would make legislation quite needless to save the world from the Demon Rum. I am not yet myself but I have a normal temperature and I can sleep in a bed. I am so thankful to hear of the improvement in dear [Sara *so spelled*] Jewett. It sounds to me more decided because my mother once had precisely the same trouble and a relapse very similar which iodide of potassium and Turkish baths finally conquered, helped by massage, so I know the tedious climb of improvement. Maybe I shall be East this summer and if I may I shall surely make a pilgrimage to the heights where is rest and the best brew of tea ever known. And I shall hope for a cup. I am sending you an illustrated letter and a card* for dear Sara. It will show a little of our life. Above is Jennie* draped out in an original poke bonnet, out on the driveway with an armful of Easter lilacs. Here below is a glimpse of the house and the other two blue prints are her little niece and nephew riding in the brake a month ago.

I wanted to add a picture of Luke proudly bearing the Easter pig into

[Page *3*]

the dining room; but we seem to have sent them all away; so here is only a view of Piggy just as Steven has taken him out of the oven with the long wooden paddles we made for the purpose; Luke has him in the platter and Linda the cook blesses my children on the right, while they take the picture unseen. They are rightfully Jennie's but I claim them, too. The girl is sixteen and the boy is twelve.

Of course we have a world of flowers, now; the lovely late jokai lilacs, the flaming red and soft gray Darwin tulips{,} enormous shrubs of golden kerriers or white fountain spireas which are a wonderful sight here and white exochordias and rose like [Bichet*?*] flowering crabs to say nothing of the peach, plum, apple, cherry trees in blossom; there are fleur de lis and [lillies *so spelled*] of the valley, pansies (but no pansies are like those from Massachusetts!) geraniums, verbenas, violets; and the roses are beginning . We literally have roses by the thousands. Could I only send them away; but alas! you know Emerson's* experience with his sea born darlings; we are too far and warm a way from every one.

This is far too long a letter for anyone even so good as you. I felt Mr. Crawford's death would be a cruel shock to Mrs. Howe,* beautiful and triumphant as it was. Ah, he has given me so much pleasure! so many inspirations. I wonder did any born Roman know his Rome as he knew it. Thank you again, dear Mrs [Fields *corrected by hand*]. Jennie send{s} her love and I am ever and forever

Your true friend and lover,
[*Signed*] Alice French

[*Handwritten postscript*] Tell dear Sara Jewett I was working on her Book{.}

Notes

Page 2: Pages 2 and 3 are typed. French has pasted four photographs on page 2 and 1 on page 3. The blue typescript is mainly around the photos, but one line is typed through the top of the first photo.

#1 in sepia, shows a woman holding flowers gathered, perhaps, from the bush she stands next to. This same woman may appear in photos 3 and 4, but I am not certain.

#2 in blueline, shows a young man on a white horse, wading in shallow water.

#3 in blueline, shows a young woman, in a skirt and jacket on a dark horse, also wading in shallow water.

#4 in sepia, shows the same young woman who was on the dark horse, standing with her left arm in the air, in a lane or street next to a large house.

#5 in blue line, on page 3, shows three household employees before a kitchen wood stove. The two black men are dressed in white suits, the man in the center balancing a large tray of food in his left hand. To his right is a white woman in a white apron and skirt.

card: Presumably, this is the French to Jewett card that appears on the next page.

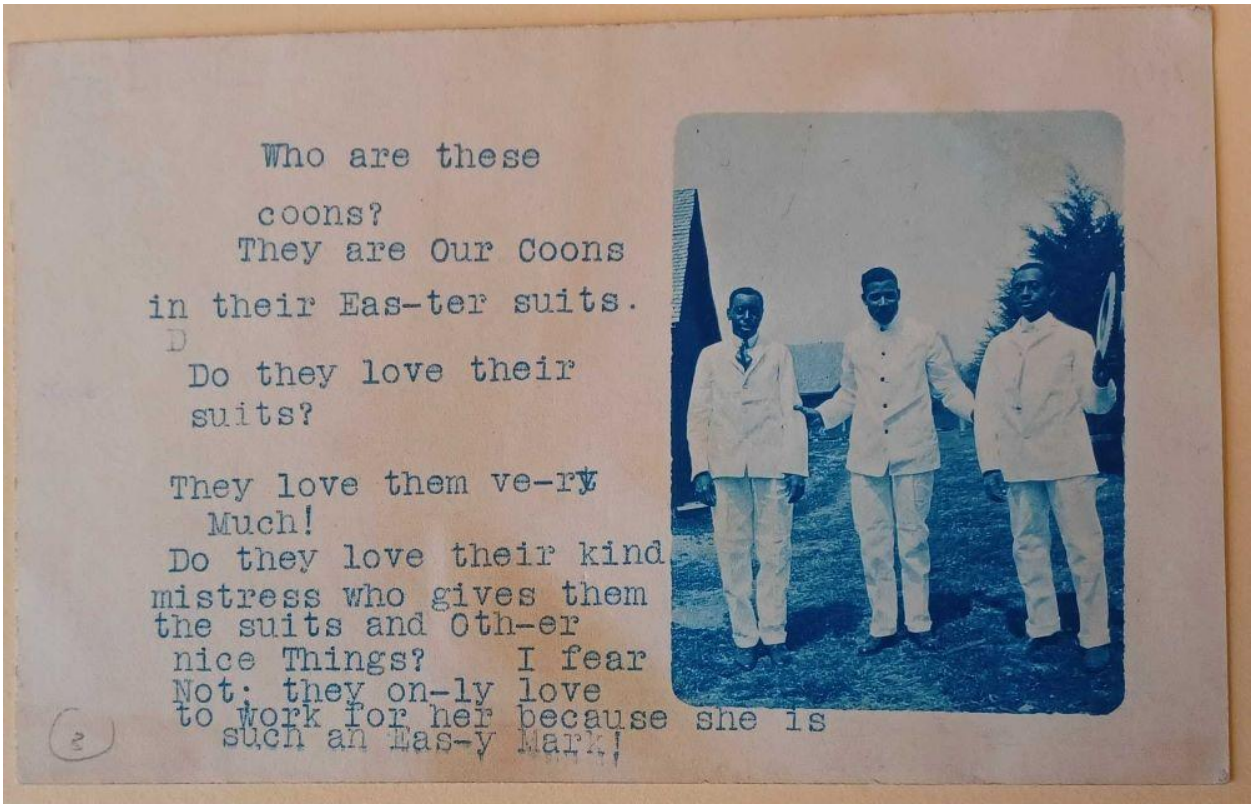
Jennie: Jane Allen Crawford (1851-1932), French's domestic partner. Jennie's niece and nephew probably were Elisabeth Marion Allen Waterman and William Seabury Allen, children of her brother, Dr. William Larned Allen (1858-1930).

Emerson's: American author, Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882). In his poem, "Each and All," he describes bringing home attractive shells from the sea shore: "I fetched my sea-born treasures home; / But the poor, unsightly, noisome things / Had left their beauty on the shore."

Mr. Crawford's ... Mrs. Howe: American author Francis Marion Crawford (1854- 9 April 1909). Wikipedia notes that he was nephew to Julia Ward Howe. Key to Correspondents.

The typescript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item 294, III. Letters to Annie Adams Fields.

A Card from Alice French
Delivered to Sarah Orne Jewett
19 April 1909



On the other side, this hand-made postcard is addressed to "Miss Sara Jewett" in South Berwick, ME. It has not been stamped or canceled, presumably because it was enclosed in a letter to Annie Adams Fields of 19 April 1909. Also on the other side, French typed this message:

> I am hoping you have Spring now we have summer{.} Here are three boys who would love to wait on you{.} And I'm another. A. F.

American author Alice French (1850-1934) published under the name Octave Thanet. Her residences were in Davenport, Iowa and the Thanford plantation in rural Arkansas.

Resisting comment on document that seems to racially charged is difficult for a 21st-century scholar, but I leave such commentary to others more familiar with Alice French.

This postcard is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 2, Item 70 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Frank Sewall to Sarah Orne Jewett

1618 Riggs Place
Washington DC.
April 20
1909

Dear Miss Jewett

It is remarkable what treasures of wit{,} wisdom and history are thrown daily into the great abyss of the Congressional Record — rarely ever to be seen again. [Thinking you would appreciate *?*] this tribute to John Paul Jones* I cut [from this *?*] days Record and send it

[Page *2*]

with my best regards and hope that you are quite restored to health and will be [enabled *?*] to enjoy life in our dear York County as in the many summers past{.}

Very sincerely yours
Frank Sewall

Notes

Jones: Penciled in the upper left corner of page 1: See "Tory Lover" clippings. This does not appear to be Jewett's handwriting, and it is clearly different from Sewall's. Presumably, this note calls attention to Jewett's representation of American Revolutionary War naval captain John Paul Jones (1747-1792) as a main character in her 1901 novel, *The Tory Lover*.

Sewall's reference to the Congressional Record indicates that an item concerning Jones had appeared in April of 1909. Searching the Congressional Record remains too cumbersome to track down Sewall's reference for these notes, but it seems likely that it has to do with the then ongoing story of finding and repatriating the remains of Jones, who died and was buried in France. See Dorothy Tooker, "The Strange Search for John Paul Jones" in the *Proceedings of the U.S. Naval Institute* 81 (July 1855).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, bMS Am 1743 Box 4, Item 196, I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

21 April

Jewett was moved to her home in South Berwick, ME

After her return home, Jewett was cared for by her sister, household employees and two professional nurses, who had begun their care at the Annie Fields home soon after Jewett's stroke. Miss Ryan had cared for Jewett after her 1902 carriage accident. No more has yet been learned about her.

Her other nurse was Miss Merrill. According to Ancestry.com, Florence Estelle Merrill (1881-1976) was "Born in Pittsfield, Somerset, Maine, USA on 24 Jan. 1881 to James Washington Merrill and Lottie Maria Folsom. Florence Estelle Merrill married Henry Ernest Dunnack (1869-1938) and had 2 children. She passed away on 19 Aug 1976 in Pittsfield, Somerset, Maine, USA."

Little Kennebec
by
Florence Estelle Merrill Dunnack

"Little Kennebec" appeared in the Lewiston (Maine) *Evening Journal* for 5 August 1939. This text is available courtesy of Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME.

"Little Kennebec"
Nurse of Sarah Orne Jewett, Recalls Happy Memories of Her Famous Patient

IT WAS in January of 1909, on my first case, after a course of intensive training to fit me for nursing, and in the Beacon street home of a lady suffering from an injured knee, that I was asked conversationally, if it was not a very interesting life, this living behind the scenes (bed room!) of Back Bay Boston.

My answer was glib, and as "Oh, yes, very" nonchalantly fell from my lips, I prayed my manner was half as casual and convincing as I tried to make it.

The recalcitrant machinery of the knee remedied, the last bandage on and off, I trudged off at the end of ten days convinced in my youthful enthusiasm that nothing would be too difficult in the profession to which now I belonged.

It seemed too good to be true that another unfortunate needed me, and at once, but I was scarcely back to base when I was hurried off to a new address — 148 Charles street. That address of which I was to read much and hear always for the remainder of my days, carried at the moment no magic — nothing whispered that a wonderful

experience was to be mine nor did I realize my good fortune Sunday evening as I was ushered into the Fields home, famed for many years for an international hospitality.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett was to be my patient for night duty, they told me.

My youth, my entire indifference to everything but the sick room, my adherence to rigid rules and strict regulations amused the household, but a freedom of speech and ready appreciation of a joke went far toward balancing a sad lack in other regards and between Miss Jewett and myself was quickly found a bond of understanding which endured.

There are excellent portraits of Sarah Orne Jewett and some are nearly perfect likenesses. They lack only the gentle smile that came with speech, and a flash of animated interest from beautiful brown eyes.

The cold of that January and February, 1909, the storms thru which I often plodded; my descriptions of the dingy, little street cars often smelling to Heaven of garlic and other odors not so easily classified from which I sometimes emerged; the early evening walk when nights were fine, along Newbury to Arlington and then across the gardens to Charles; my hurried rush up the steps at 148, my wait at the top in fear lest some monster of the dark seize me before Margaret swung the door wide with a big smile of welcome — each and every detail must be gone over with Miss Jewett. How she laughed and how her smile lingered as we made ready for the night. It was my lucky — or was it unlucky — fate to look less even than my age in those days and once, adjusting a cover when I thought her sleeping, she opened half an eye murmuring, "did you say you were fourteen."

But what a lasting bond of friendship was cemented. What affectionate interest of her generous nature was mine when chancing one evening to ask how my mother dared let me wander around alone in Boston she learned that like herself, I was born, "raised" in and loved with all my strength the good old State of Maine, that I remembered James G. Blaine's death, had heard Thomas Buchanan Reed speak, that I knew anemones and dog-tooth violets and had heard Julia Ward Howe read her "Battle Hymn of the Republic!"

Oh! how, then, we talked!

Automobiles had not then made the easy transit we now so casually accept as a part of living. There were a few to be sure, but certain it is, they did not then block streets in little towns whose names were scarcely known. So our travels thru New England had been limited to train travel but each could tell of driving here, there and everywhere in Maine behind some dappled gray or beautiful chestnut.

One evening, off on a conversational amble as usual, we nearly met disaster in our path of mutual interest. Having covered the lands of Maine with adjectives we turned to the waters there-of, and came at length to speak of rivers. She had ventured to [admire?] the Penobscot — or was it the Androscoggin — and, quick as a flash, I blurted "not prettier than the Kennebec!"

"Oh no," she laughed "certainly not prettier than the Kennebec".

"Little Kennebec" she called me, always, after that. Mrs. Fields, then growing old and not herself too well, must be told and add her laugh to ours, sharing her dear Sarah's amusement.

The fire on the hearth burned low. Day and its wearying routine disappeared. We made ready for sleep, and as the household slipped into quietness, with our voices now very low we talked of summer, of garden plots, of lilies and lilacs, of mignonette and mint, of stately hollyhocks and border

[*The editor seems to have omitted text here.*]

satisfaction that we both knew lady delights and trailing arbutus that we had from time to time found the lady slippers and had known happiness in fields of wind-swept daisies.

And there, wrapped in darkness, Little Kennebec kept vigil while tired eyes closed and there was surcease of pain and discomfort. "Such a healthy, happy childhood to remember," she would murmur, settling down to sleep.

But now the sun mounted higher. Gorgeous sunsets over the Charles held us enthralled. Snow melted, and Easter came and went. No longer was it dark when the door swung open for me at 148 Charles.

There was talk of going home, which meant the old home in South Berwick where the "Jewett girls" had played as children.

Plans once outlined went speedily forward. Complicating details were finally at an end and one April day, down the stairs once echoing to the footfalls of Thackeray, Dickens and Whittier, was carried a woman whose charm and gracious presence, whose flawless writing had made her, rightfully, one of that charmed circle.

On slowly they moved past the drawing-room, its shades up to overlook the river, on past the alcove where had come into being her exquisite stories of New England and where now by the window, her desk waited vainly her return.

Reflected in a long mirror, past which she was carried, was the dining-room. Here she had dined with Longfellow and with Holmes and added her

gifts of expression graciously, while Annie Fields had presided as hostess with a faultless grace.

At last, the train trip over, ambulance and horse-drawn carriages moved us on to "Home" in the village square at South Berwick.

With what a wealth of affection was she received! The old house opened wide its arms to welcome her and her return. The big candle-lighted guest room, with its canopied bed and its crackling wood fire in its cavernous grate, added its welcome to that of the family, the friends and the household servants.

With what kindly interest did she make instant inquiries of this one or that, and how soon under her benign influence, was the old place home to us all. Her clear understanding of the problems of the village people, her sympathy with those in distress, her ability to put her finger at once on a weak spot in the fabric of routine have made her a beloved personality, the more so now that bed claimed her and contacts made were perforce thru an intermediary.

What fun she had, sending us, the newcomers, here and there. John, the coachman, must take us along the York road, must show us the view from one high hill or point out for us another. Sometimes we set forth with a pair of bays, and a carriage of state, but as often, I found myself alone in the trap, only John beside me in all the dignity of a soldier of the guards.

And returning, before my hat was off, Miss Jewett must hear every detail — if, by chance, a bit of daphne or a few anemones came in with me how the sick-room hummed with question and answer — nothing which pleased us was too small for her instant interest.

Letters came from "dear" Mrs. Howe, "Harry" James and Mrs. Ward in England, whose "Lady Rose's Daughter" was still being compared to her "Eleanor."

Days glided into weeks, spring and summer. Lilies of the valley came and went. Pansies blossomed. At each new offering of the old gardener the youngest nurse would appear with an impulsive rush!

"Oh, Miss Jewett, did you ever see such lovely things?" And her ready attention, a willingness to be diverted; a, no doubt, often concealed amusement made the days a happy memory, and the business of nursing a joy.

Before the roses had stopped blooming, before life had become, by an enforced routine, too great a burden, but not before her influence had impressed itself upon an immature and inexperienced personality, she whispered "thank you" and, while Little Kennebec kept vigil, her soul took flight and with a smile a radiant, spirit found its rest.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Harriet Jackson Lee Morse*

Tuesday
[After 21 April 1909]*
[*Upper left of side 1 — stamped in green ink, inside a circle, superimposed initials SOJ*]

The sunshine today looks more like spring but the sky still looks cold — I long to get downstairs and out of the door but the next room over seems quite impossible yet and dear good Mifs Ryan countenances no rashness — in such a weak and, undependable patient. I was delighted with [Fanny's *?*] last letter — it was so pretty about the [*unrecognized word*] that [dwelt among *?*]

[Page *2*]

us. There are no magnolias in Berwick only a lovely tulip tree but I wish you could both see a ring of crocuses [round *?*] the old lilacs in the front yard! Dear love to you both{.} I send you a loving thought

Sarah

Notes

Morse: See Frances (Fanny) Rollins Morse in Key to Correspondents.

1909: This note card clearly was composed in 1909 after Jewett's debilitating stroke and her move from Boston to South Berwick on 21 April, when early spring flowers were blooming. At that time, Miss Ryan was one of her nurses.

Jewett seems to have written the note herself, with some struggle, for it is difficult to read. I have filled in at several points, without being perfectly sure what she intended.

The manuscript of this card is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743.1 (123) Box 4, II. Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Thursday morning
[*22 April 1909*]*

Dearest Annie

Here I am in your bed and finding it very comfortable only I wish I could see you coming in and hear [you *intended* your *?*] dear little "Cheep" at the door — The birds have been cheeping at a great rate{.} Mifs Ryan and Mifs Merill have settled

down with an accustomed air already and young Katie* is on hand with [all *?*]

[Page *2*]

her nice remembering ways{.} I was so glad we could not say a word yesterday{.} As I came away I could not speak for drying [a *intended* all *?*] the way down stairs but the dear rooms did [loo *intended* look *?*] so beautiful — The hood was a great comfort{.} I was going to send for the Whistler* book for you. I felt [lowest *?*] after depriving you of Mr. Hollands copy, but*

[Page *3*]

Mary had already ordered it. Good bye darling with my heart's love{.} Your Pinny.

Notes

22 April 1909: Almost certainly this letter was composed on the day after Wednesday 21 April, when Jewett traveled for the final time from Fields's Boston home to her own home in South Berwick, ME.

Fields has written across the top of page one: "She left me in Charles St — April 21st". This letter was composed when Jewett was hardly able to write. The lines become more slanting down the second page, and the number of unintended errors increases.

Katie: Katie Galvin was a Jewett family employee. Key to Correspondents.

Whistler book: American painter, James Abbott McNeill Whistler (1834-1903). After his death and before Jewett's, several books on Whistler appeared that may have interested her. As Jewett often read biographies, she may have been reading *The Life of James McNeill Whistler* (1908) by Elizabeth Robins Pennell and Joseph Pennell. Jewett and Fields were familiar with their 1892 book, *Play in Provence*, apparently using it as a sort of guide book for their 1898 travels in Provence in France.

Mr. Hollands copy: Probably this is Arthur Holland, husband of Sara Ormsby Burgwin Holland. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript in the Houghton collection breaks off at this point. The manuscript of these two pages is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255). The final page was pasted into Annie Fields, "Diary and Commonplace Book" 1907-1912, held by the Massachusetts Historical Society: Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221. The transcription of this portion was made from a microfilm copy, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462, 1986, Reel 2.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Thursday [morning *?*]
[*After 22 April 1909*]*

[*Letterhead printed in green ink, consisting of the initials SOJ superimposed inside a circle*]

Dearest little Annie I really feel more like myself this morning though still weak and draggly and the pain in my neck that I got the day I came down still troubles me. It would have been better if I could have sat up in a [godd *intending* good] Pullman chair { — } lying down it jarred [*unrecognized word*]

[Page *2*]

more [I think *?*] — but if I ever [travell *so written*] again I shall know better. I [fel *intended* feel] ashamed to have your room all this time, it is lovely this [*seems to intend* morning] with the big red lily at one south window and the orange one at the other and the sun shining in and such a [nice *?*] fire of curly birch wood. Mifs Ryan and Miss Merill [*intends* are] whisking about as nice or nicer than ever!

[*Up the left margin and then across the top margin of page 1*]

Dr. Ward was here yesterday and may well have told you I had such a [nice visit *?*] with him. Goodby dearest

[*Up the left margin and then across the top margin of page 2*]

from your most loving Pin.* I shall look for you sometime next week!

Notes

After 21 April 1909: Fields penciled "1909?" in the upper left of side one of this card.

Dr. Ward: Probably William Hayes Ward. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [

n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Julia Ward Howe to Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields

[*23 April, 1909*]*

So many thanks, dear friends, for the beautiful gift and accompanying good wishes. You have anticipated my birthday a little, as I do not attain the dignity of octogenarian until next month. All the same, I am

[Page *2*]

delighted with these tokens of kind remembrance, and shall hope that you can both be with me on my real birthday, which will be on May 27th.

Always affectionately yours,
Julia Ward Howe
April 23rd. 241 Beacon St.

Notes

1909: Howe was born on 27 May 1819.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Howe, Julia (Ward) 1819-1910. 8 letters; 1901-1905 & [n.d.] (103). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Monday —
[*3 May 1909*]*

[*Letterhead printed in red ink, consisting of the initials SOJ superimposed inside a circle*]

This is a nice bright windy [morning *or* Monday *?*] Dearest [one *?*] Annie but I think it is [is *repeated*] wise for you not to come quite so soon as my eager heart planned { — } it is still so [cold *?*] and bleak — and a fortnight later it will be better for both of us. I have not got into the [next room *?*] yet and we [could *or* would] not do anything that we dont think or do now

[*No signature*]

Notes

3 May 1909: Fields penciled "May 3, 1909" in the upper right of this card. In the bottom margin and then up the right margin, Fields has written: "May 3d 1909 3 months & 3 days after she was stricken down AF".

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

Wednesday —
[*5 May 1909*]*

Dearest: What a noble spring down-pour! Yesterday John* did a great days work in the garden as if he knew it was going to rain — Ah! here is the sun! Well I put April at the head for surprises, where she has always stood!!

Better late than never you will say dear{.}

[Page *2*]

But the Cornhill is a-comin' ---

A long visit from Helen Bell yesterday P.M. — She and Alice* go to Pomfret on the 15th of May — for two weeks: then they return for a brief time here before they go to York — a little late there is so much better for them. Sent you her love and wanted to hear all about your condition which I reported as [favorably *?*] as you did to me —

[Page *3*]

I must tell you little by little of all the dear & wise things and lovely things she said — O we do have such unrivalled [hours *?*] together — you know all about it — you remember your hour when you were at Mrs Cabots* — by the way she says the Carlyle love letters* are she thinks the best things in the world of their kind. I am laying them up to read

[Page *4*]

with you this summer, those — and to finish the Lamb — * We will not read them all aloud but we can read aloud and to ourselves catching up in this way if one reads too far ahead{.} Helen Merriman* came just after H.B. She is pretty worn with the [illness *?*] and all it involves but she was very sweet and friendly — After she went came lovely pinks from Mr. Black!*

Good bye dearest, do not write when you feel tired

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

and we will never say, because we can't how much we miss each other —

your A

Notes

1909: Carlyle's love letters were published in 1909. Whether 5 May is the correct day is less certain, but it was a Wednesday some time before 15 May, when Jewett correspondent Helen Bell (H.B.) plans to go to Pomfret. See Fields to Jewett of 15 May 1909.

John: A Fields employee.

Cornhill: A British literary journal, 1860-1975. Jewett published two pieces there in 1899.

Alice: Probably, Alice Greenwood Howe. Key to Correspondents.

Cabots: Susan Burley Cabot, who died in March 1907. Key to Correspondents.

Carlyle love letters: Alexander Carlyle, ed. *The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh*. (1909).

Lamb: British author, Charles Lamb (1775-1834).

Helen Merriman: Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Black: George Nixon Black, Jr. (1842-1928) was a neighbor of Fields in Manchester. He was a prominent philanthropist and the builder of Kragsyde, the Black home in Manchester.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence, 100 letters from Annie Adams Fields, bMS Am 1743.1 Box 1, Item 33.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

[*13 May 1909*]*

Mrs. Ward's* was another true and lovely letter — Oh how I would like to be at [Aix les Bain *so written*] with Josie D — I could make her really enjoy it [more than *?*] Helen [How* *so written*]. I wish you and I could go shopping this afternoon in the dear little Place and dine with La Jeune Daphin's.* Goodbye with love and all my heart from

Pin —

Notes

May 1909: Fields penciled "May 1909" in the upper right of page 1. This seems to be the final page of a longer letter. On the back of this page, Fields has written at note: "While Sarah was ill S. 13. May 1909." In 1909, May 13 fell on a Thursday.

Mrs. Ward's: Probably this is Mary Augusta Ward. In her account of caring for Jewett, Florence Merrill Dunnack mentions that Mrs. Ward wrote to her from England. Key to Correspondents.

Josie D: Josephine Anna Moore Dexter (1846-1937).

Helen How: While it seems likely Jewett refers to someone well-known to her and Fields, the only Helen Howe they seem to have known then was Mark Anthony de Wolfe Howe's 4-year-old daughter. Key to Correspondents.

La Jeune Daphin's: Presumably, Jewett meant to write "La Jeune Dauphine," and to refer to an acquaintance in Aix les Bains, France.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

May 15
[*Saturday 1909*]*

I must send you a good morning, dear, because it is Saturday. Won't the leaves and blossoms smell sweet this lovely dropping weather! Helen* came for an [*shifts from ink to pencil*] hour ^yesterday^ to say good bye{.} They go to Pomfret today{.} Thank Mary for her good letter — Lilacs are out!

Your own
A.F.

Did the little picture go safely?

What can I send for gobbledowns?

Notes

1909: See Fields to Jewett probably of 5 May 1909.

Helen: Helen Choate Bell. Key to Correspondents. Which Pomfret is her destination is uncertain: Vermont is likely, but Connecticut is possible; New York and Maryland seem unlikely.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence, 100 letters from Annie Adams Fields, bMS Am 1743.1 Box 1, Item 33.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Thursday 20th
[*20 May 1909*]*

Dearest Annie

I have hated not to send a single word but beside all the other great aches and pains I have had two great headaches and found it hard to [write to say that *?*] I am beginning [to look forward *?*] to seeing you but I am still very weak and good for nothing { — } if I cant [amount to *?*] any thing more I may come to the Parker House* where Mifs [Merrill *?*] is experienced and try a little [changhe *so written*] [this *?*] [*unrecognized word*]. It would be so easy to get things done there that I should be glad to do with the elevator and all. I haven't been able to get up or down stairs [*2 unrecognized words*] yet next [*unrecognized word*].

[Page *2*]

A poor old Pinny but, Fuff not to [*unrecognized word*] pleas* [*so written*]

Notes

20 May 1909: Fields penciled "May 20th 1909" in the upper right of page 1. Jewett's handwriting after her stroke is often unclear.

Parker House: A major Boston hotel.

pleas: After Jewett's last line, Fields wrote these notes.
"[*In blue ink*] My courage and hope ended with this note --- AF.
[*In black ink*] written May 20th when she had been at home a month — June 24th she died — "

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Dresel

[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick.
Maine.
[*End letterhead*]

Monday 25th
[*May 1909*]*

My dear Loulie

This is [is *repeated*] a lovely looking June day and I hope you are going to be out and do something very nice in it

[Page *2*]

I have [wished *corrected*] many times to write longer but it is still so difficult and I still feel so weak and ill I have not been in the condition or [*several unreadable words*]

[Page *3*]

I wish to join dear Mrs Fields at Manchester on the 1st

Notes

May 1909: The main evidence that Jewett wrote this letter in 1909 after her stroke is her very erratic handwriting — irregular lines of varying length, repetition, spelling errors, and words that cannot be read. I note that this transcription is not exact. At several points, I have inferred her intention rather than present exactly what she appears to have written. I have assumed that she did in fact write it in late May of 1909, and that she was mistaken in dating it, providing either an incorrect date or day of the week.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Princeton University Library, Princeton, NJ: Robert H. Taylor Collection of English and American Literature RTC01, Box 10, Folder 12.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

Friday. P.M.
[*28 May 1909*]*

[*Begin letterhead*]
CRAIGIE HOUSE.
CAMBRIDGE.
[*End letterhead*]

Dearest:

I am going to town presently but before I go a little note to you must be written.

Alice* sends you her love and says that her motor shall be at your service gladly at [Hamilton *?*]

[Page *2*]

when you will say the word. I will say one thing more — She asked me in the winter if she might send you flowers but it was the time when you were having more flowers than you could even hear about so I said "wait" but now she wishes to do

[Page *3*]

something and it will be a real pleasure to her to send to Hamilton — Also by & by I will speak to [*unrecognized name*]

Goodbye dear
your
A.F.

Notes

1909: Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett in South Berwick and postmarked 28 May 1909. It is likely that this is the correct envelope. Fields notes that Jewett has been receiving many flowers during the winter, and continues to receive them at the time of this letter, presumably in the spring. This sequence fits the time line of the final months between Jewett's 31 January stroke and her death in June. It is puzzling, however, that Alice offers the use of her car at Hamilton, presumably the Hamilton House, in South Berwick. At this time, Jewett was confined to her home.

Alice: Among Jewett's friends likely to have an automobile, one was Alice Mary Longfellow, whose family residence was Craigie House. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence, 100 letters from Annie Adams Fields, bMS Am 1743.1 Box 1, Item 33.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

Saturday Evening
[*May/June 1909*]*

My dearest;

Thank Mary for her good letter! Tell Mifs Ryan please that the little [*unrecognized name*] baby has arrived and I have written ^[*two unrecognized words*]^ to say a small package is soon to follow my letter —

Sarah Holland* came today, looking rather frail — She is not well; hoped to see you before you went; brought a bouquet of lovely May flowers. They seem more lovely and plenteous than ever this year. General Pierson* came this afternoon bringing exquisite sweet peas for us both{.}

[Page *2*]

O I could hardly bear it! He is going [into *?*] his [own *?*] house this summer. He said, you know how she felt we were real friends we four !!

William James* came later{.} He said please tell her Mrs James and I both send her our love. He sat half an hour perhaps. Lilian Aldrich came later{.} Also Mifs Bancroft* but I asked to be excused.

I have been watching the new moon for you every night since you left. The [*deletion*] (I have fallen asleep dear) [*two marks*] Good night —

Will try with another day{.}

[Page *3*]

Sunday Evening. Carmela Carbone and Loulie* came to supper and the little girl has been singing old Italian music{.} Just what you would [love *corrected*] She said she sang these old things of Palestrina{,} Pergolesi* and others of the Seventeenth Century to Miss Meynell* on Sunday evenings —

She is just like the old Italian pictures when she sings — Loulie sends her

[Page *4*]

love and says I must not forget to tell you that she sang three little songs very well indeed. With her little teacher at the piano to help her she strikes no false note and does not sound one harsh one either. She has a pretty voice and sings like a little obedient child —

But Carmela is a true singer. Loulie says she grieves for her sister and I can seem to see her sorrow in her face as she sings —

Good night darling, I hope my long letter will not tire you! My whole love goes into it — your

Annie

Notes

1909: This letter was composed in the final weeks of Jewett's life, when she was under the care of her sister, Mary, and a pair of nurses.

Sarah Holland: Fields's sister. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

General Peirson: Probably this is Civil War Union General Charles Lawrence Peirson (1834-1920).

His wife, Emily Russell Peirson, had died about a year previous, on 7 June 1908. It is difficult to be sure which four people she considered the best of friends, perhaps Jewett is the fourth, but perhaps Fields's husband, James T. Fields. Find a Grave.

William James: Key to Correspondents.

Mifs Bancroft: This person has not yet been identified. She may be a sister of Jewett family acquaintance Cornelius Bancroft (1831-1920). A Boston-born businessman based in New York City, he had one unmarried sister residing in Boston, Martha Gray Bancroft (1824-1917). Find a Grave.

Carmela Carbone: Damian Atkinson (2013) in his "Chronology of Alice Meynell," says that the sisters, Carmela and Grazia Maria L. Carbone were Italian-American singers. Grazia Carbone married Alice Meynell's son, Everard in 1908. The sisters performed together at Queen's Hall in London in 1907. See *Catholic Who's Who* (1936-1952), p. 61.

Loulie: It seems likely that Louisa Dresel was the "little girl" who sang the Italian songs, while Carbone accompanied her on piano. Dresel, though, was the older of the two guests.
Palestrina, Pergolesi: Italian composers, Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525-1594) and Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736).

Miss Meynell: Alice Meynell. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence, 100 letters from Annie Adams Fields, bMS Am 1743.1 Box 1, Item 33.

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*May/June 1909*]*

Dearest — This is Wednesday & it is still rainy and dismal* like you will say "the spring comes slowly up this way." — [However Mifs *?*] Bolger* — one sign of spring came yesterday and looked over my summer clothes. Later came the Russell Sullivans* and we had a merry little time together. They are going to move early in June and mean to come to Manchester during that very month. He has found some new stories by Lucas (E.V.) one called Over Bemerton's* which I must send down to you presently when you are ready for it — Also he spoke of Joseph Vance* with sincere admiration: says he remembers things in it every day

— H.L.H. presided at their annual meeting of the Tavern Club* which came off last week and M. DeWitt read a delightful paper upon Charles Norton.*

[Page *2*]

But now you are tired reading, dear; I can seem to see you! I suppose I do. I know I do though not with these poor eyes — Kind remembrances to your two good nurses and loving thanks to Mary —

from your Annie

Notes

1909: This letter was composed after 21 April 1909, when, after her stroke, Jewett was moved from Boston to her South Berwick home.

dismal: This manuscript has perhaps been wet, leaving the ink blurred in places and generally difficult. I have guessed at many words, without noting which ones. Anyone wishing to work seriously with this letter should consult the manuscript.

Bolger: A Miss Bolger appears in a 19 December 1895 Jewett letter to her sister, Carrie, where she seems to be a dressmaker. No further information has been found.

Russell Sullivans: Thomas Russell Sullivan. Key to Correspondents.

Lucas (.E.V.) ... Over Bemerton's: British author Edward Verrall Lucas wrote *Over Bemerton's: An Easy Going Chronicle* (1909). Wikipedia.

Joseph Vance: Louis Joseph Vance (1879-1943) was an American author and screen-writer, best remembered for his detective novels.

H.L.H.: The Tavern Club was Boston men's dining club, with many notable literary members, including William Dean Howells and Charles Eliot Norton. H.L.H. was businessman and founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Henry Lee Higginson (1834-1919).

M. DeWitt ... Charles Norton: Charles Eliot Norton. Key to Correspondents. M. DeWitt has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence, 100 letters from Annie Adams Fields, bMS Am 1743.1 Box 1, Item 33.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick.
Maine.
[*End letterhead*]
Saturday [5th *? June 1909*]*

Dearest [little *?*] heart

for the first time in a [great *?*] many years I am not going to be with you on your birthday morning* and you can [*intended* cannot *?*] think how it [grieves *?*] me. only I shall love you [*unrecognized word*] and [think *?*] of you [the *?*] more. I haven't

[Page *2*]

been quite so well these last two or three days and [lament *?*] because I couldnt [and *?*] very well be and the dreadful cramps in my foot have lessened but so some other things have started up, and robbed me of the very end of my poor strength. I came near telephoning and begging [you *?*] to come over but I thought [it would *?*]

[Page *3, begins about 2/3 down the sheet*]

trouble you — I hope to [see *?*] you soon or to have you here{.} I cant get [on without *?*] it much longer. Your own

Pinny

Much love to Jessie and Rose*

[Page *4*]

Do you remember that ~~love~~ lovely birthday when we went to Chamounix{?} The first was in Ireland.*

Notes

June 1909: The handwriting of this letter, while mostly legible, is very irregular, as is the punctuation. Jewett seems unable, especially, to manage the left margin. Jewett's condition here seems identical to that in her other late letter, which Fields dates to June 1909, the month of Jewett's death. At that point, Jewett had suffered a stroke, was partially paralyzed, and within a few weeks of her death on 24 June.

birthday morning: Annie Fields's birthday is June 6.

Jessie and Rose: Jessie Cochrane and Rose Lamb. Key to Correspondents.

Chamounix: See Sarah Orne Jewett to Alice Greenwood (Mrs. George D.) Howe from Aix-les-Bains, Sunday. June 1892, in which Jewett mentions seeing Chamounix around the time of Fields's birthday.

Ireland: Jewett and Fields visited Ireland on their first trip to Europe in 1882.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 40 letters to Annie (Adams) Fields (no date). Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (117).

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

I have your poor dearest little note! Alas! what a strange thing to have you absent! Your own

Annie
June 6th 1909

Notes

1909: On the back side of this small scrap of paper is written: My Sarah —

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence, 100 letters from Annie Adams Fields, bMS Am 1743.1 Box 1, Item 33.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

[*Between 6 and 16 June 1909*]
[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick.
Maine.
[*End letterhead*]

Dearest Annie

I do so long to see you . . . I believe it would do me more good than any thing{.} you always help me to get a good hold on the best of myself. but I still feel too weak to plan any journeys. They still have to [carry *corrected*] me [*unrecognized word or words*] from one room to another and I ache dreadfully by night and by day. I dont know what to do about me{.} I did so [hope *?*] to be out of doors [*two or three unrecognized words*] —

Notes

Between 6 and 16 June 1909: Jewett's handwriting reflects the continued deterioration in her health during June 1909.

Fields quotes from this letter in the preface to her *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, where she dates it in June 1909 and implies that Jewett wrote no more afterward. In the 21 June letter below to Lilian Aldrich, Fields says she visited Jewett the previous

week and believes she saw her during her last moments of conscious awareness.
The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 40 letters to Annie (Adams) Fields (no date). Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (117).

Annie Adams Fields to Sarah Orne Jewett

Friday morning.
[*11 June 1909*]*

Dearest: It is good to have Mary's words when you are not quite up to a vast correspondence! Will you tell her so with my love and thanks. I found these little words of Vaughan* which I think you may like

"Sure it was so, man in
those early days
Was not all stone & earth;
He shined a little, and by
those weak rays
Had some glimpse of his birth."

There is a promise this A.M. of summer really coming.

Jessie* is naturally as we are much absorbed in the thoughts of Edward E. Hale the great prophetic soul escaping from us after 88 years of loving service.

Your A.

Notes

1909: This letter was composed the day after the death of Jewett correspondent Edward Everett Hale on Thursday 10 June 1909.

Vaughan: Welsh poet, Henry Vaughan (1621-1695), author of "Corruption," which opens with these lines.

Jessie: Jessie Cochrane. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 16 letters; 1894-1901 & [n.d.], 1894-1901 bMS Am 1743 (64).

Annie Adams Fields to Lilian Aldrich

June ~~1~~ 21st Manchester.
1909

Deary Lily:

You probably do not know that our dear Sarah lies at the point of death at South Berwick. She no longer suffers, no longer hears any echoes from this, our world. I went to see her last week and stayed two days. She is quiet and beautiful and does not suffer. She knows me and told me the few last things she had in mind and seemed to love to have me there.

She soon relapsed into sleep — a sleep from which she will not entirely awaken.

Thank you for your affectionate note. Good bye ---- - your

Annie Fields

Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, MS Am 1429, Box 6, Items 1446-1538.

Thursday, 24 June 1909

Death of Sarah Orne Jewett

Sunday 27 June 1909

Funeral in South Berwick, ME

Two Sarah Orne Jewett Obituaries

Both contain inconsistencies and inaccuracies, a few of which are silently corrected. See the letters and notes for more accurate information.

Boston *Evening Transcript*
June 25, 1909, p. 5, 8.

Sarah Orne Jewett
AUTHOR OF MANY BOOKS

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett Was Native of South Berwick and Had Spent Nearly Her Whole Life in the Old Mansion.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, the author, died last night at South Berwick, Me., in the very room where she was born on Sept. 3, 1849. She had been ill for several months with paralysis, but her condition had not assumed an alarming form until the first of the week. She was stricken at the home of her friend, Mrs. James T. Fields, at the latter's Boston home in Charles street, and in March she was taken to South Berwick in a private car. Once home she seemed to improve, but a change came last Monday.

Miss Jewett was the daughter of Dr. Theodore H. and Caroline F. (Perry) Jewett. She was educated at Berwick Academy and early gave evidence of that ability in the literary line which for the rest of her life engaged her constant attention. Her father, besides being a physician, was professor in the medical department of Bowdoin College. The daughter was in the habit of accompanying him on his round of calls, and listening to the conversation in the households that he visited. He was a learned man and the friendly chats were on a wide range of subjects; and from these chats Miss Jewett gathered material which she used to good advantage in her literary work afterwards. Her first contribution to literature was "Deephaven" which was published in the Atlantic Monthly before Miss Jewett was twenty years old.

From that time Miss Jewett was accustomed to issue a volume about once a year, among which are "Play Days," published in 1878; "Old Friends and New," in 1879; "Country By-Ways," in 1881; "The Mate of the Daylight and Friends Ashore," in 1883; and successively "A Country Doctor," "A Marsh Island," "A White Heron and Other Stories," "The Story of the Normans" (Story of Nations, series), "The King of Folly Island and Other People," "Betty Leicester — A Story for Girls," "Strangers and Wayfarers," "A Native of Winby and Other Tales," "The Life of Nancy," "The Country of the Pointed Firs," "Betty Leicester's English Christmas," "The Queen's Twin," and "The Tory Lover." Miss Jewett had also contributed largely to magazines. She was an extensive traveller throughout the United States, Europe and the West Indies. She was a member of the Mayflower Club of Boston and the Lyceum Club of London, Eng.

In 1901 Miss Jewett received the degree of doctor of letters from Bowdoin College and she was the only woman to whom that institution ever conferred the honor of a degree. Her sister, Miss Mary R. Jewett, and her nephew, Dr. Theodore Jewett Eastman of 330 Dartmouth street, Boston, are her only surviving relatives. The house where Miss Jewett was born has been in the possession of the family since 1740. It is a fine old colonial mansion and has welcomed many of the literary celebrities of America and Europe.

Miss Jewett always worked in a methodical manner. Her correspondence was attended to in the morning, and in the afternoon she gave her time to her writing, sometimes penning between 8000 and 10,000 words at a sitting. Some of her magazine stories were written at one sitting, but in her greater works she wrote from 2000 to 4000 words a day, for four or five days, but she claimed that her writing was fitful.

Even before she had ceased to be a frequent contributor to the magazines, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett seemed somehow to belong not so much among her contemporaries as to an elder and superior literary style and epoch — indeed, her name was often linked with that of Hawthorne and without straining comparison. She has died in what might have been her prime; but there has long been associated with her name and her work "the tender grace of a day that is dead." The French proverb which says that "Style is the man himself" was again illustrated in Miss Jewett's case; she was a lady in birth and rearing — her father a college-bred man, following the mission of the country physician, her home an old mansion with associations of the family itself dating back to both the great revolutions of the eighteenth century on either side of the Atlantic.

One of the leading English critics writing the other day of some recent American fiction remarked that "the American novelist of the newer order seems to write, as the American young woman talks, at the top of her voice." He went on to say that "the literary ideals of Hawthorne are evidently obsolete; even those of Mr. Henry James and those of Mr. W. D. Howells are contemned or forgotten." In their place are come at the demand for "snap" and "go" and the "epigrammatic" staccato style of a "tense" struggle aiming (as this

critic points out, in vain), "to galvanize inert matter to a semblance of vigor and gayety," by employing "freakishness, irreverence, slang and grievous maltreatment of language." Sarah Orne Jewett could never compete with the "best sellers" of the day on any such terms as the sacrifice of her personal dignity or her genuineness of feeling, in short, her literary conscience and self-respect as an artist in supplying to magazine editors the sort of by-product necessary to their business.

On the other hand, she was long ago recognized in the best English literary criticism as ranking only second to Hawthorne as the literary interpreter of the spirit of New England. The genuineness of a notable "appreciation" of Miss Jewett in the London Academy of a few years since is attested by the mingling of bits of criticism with its laudations, as for instance: "We feel that a certain faint charm is struggling unavailingly with an artistic method too monotonous" — which is surely the remark of an expert and competent, as well as candid, critic. But the same writer goes on to speak of the "peculiar spirituality which her work exhales — a spirituality inseparable from her unerring perception of her country people's native outlook and instinctive attitude to life" and the exquisite sense of humor interpenetrating this spiritual gravity." This Academy critic of half a dozen years ago appears to have sensed in advance the drawing on of the phases deplored by the critic first cited, the magazines' semi-journalistic and standard manufactured article of fiction, from all competition with which Miss Jewett quietly withdrew: "Almost anybody can produce an arbitrary, concocted picture of life in which every line is a little false, and every tone is exaggerated. Such pictures of life are often as plausibly interesting as the scenes of a spirited panorama. They serve their purpose. But in relation to the rare art which synthesizes for us the living delicacy of nature they are what most modern popular fiction is to the poetic realism of "The Country of the Pointed Firs."

There is more than the keen grief of the personal bereavement, therefore, in the untimely taking-off of this finished and distinguished artist in letters. Those who delighted in her noble and spirited presence, her rich low voice, the quick glance of intelligence passed to a kindred understanding over some irresistible appeal to the sense of humor, or call upon common sympathies, can hardly reconcile her sudden departure with the eternal fitness of things. But there is a larger public loss — the disappearance of an example of style, in the highest sense of the word, the loss of an ennobling and refining influence, which those who are still at work in American literary production and those who are coming on may well make it a pious task not to allow to be lost altogether for the honor and future of the American literary guild. Miss Jewett's best outward and visible monument will ever be those "marsh islands" of the old English New England, between Ipswich and Newburyport, crowned with oaks and other great trees — the region that she loved. It is one of the most picturesque in New England, viewed at any hour, but its highest charm is when twilight softens its outlines, and lends the atmosphere of a Sarah Orne Jewett story.

Boston *Daily Globe* 25 June 1909, p. 11

DEATH CLAIMS FAMED WRITER
Sarah Orne Jewett in her 60. Year.
End Comes at Summer Home in South Berwick.
She Wrote Much of New England People.

South Berwick, Me. June 24 — Sarah Orne Jewett died at her summer home here at 6:40 tonight.

While living in Boston early in the present year Miss Jewett had an attack of apoplexy which caused paralysis of one side of her body and, although her mind remained clear, she became nearly helpless physically. In March, she was brought here in a special car.

Monday her illness assumed a critical form and she was confined to her room. Since that time she had failed steadily and her friends knew that the end was not far off. It is believed that another attack of the brain hemorrhage from which she first suffered was the immediate cause of death.

Her sister, Miss Mary R. Jewett, and her nephew, Dr Theodore Jewett Eastman of 330 Dartmouth st. Boston, are her only surviving relatives.-----

Less before the public than almost any other of our American authors who have made contributions to permanent literature, Sarah Orne Jewett, Litt D., was famed as an interpreter of New England character, in which field she ranked second only to Hawthorne. Boston and Maine both claim her as their own.

Miss Jewett was born at South Berwick, Me. Sept 3, 1849, the daughter of Dr Theodore Herman Jewett, AM, professor of medical science at Bowdoin college and president of the Maine medical society, and Caroline F. (Perry) Jewett. Her birthplace was the beautiful colonial house at South Berwick, built more than 160 year ago and untouched by modern hands.*

"I was born here and I hope to die here — and leave all the chairs in their places," was an

expression of hers which well illustrated her love of the old place.

While she dearly loved her old birthplace and spent much of her time there, she always passed some months each year in Boston at the home of Mrs. Annie Fields on Charles st. There she did a good deal of her writing, using the afternoons for such work, a reason for Boston's claims upon her.

The secret of her success, apart from its artistic perfection, was the spirit of loving kindness and tender mercy which pervaded her writings. She loved her kind and had the warmest interest in the movements and welfare of those about her. The circumstances of her life were in every way such as to foster this love.

Rode With Her Father.

As a doctor in a country district her father was in very close relation to the countryside. As a child she was delicate, dreamy and imaginative. Her health demanded that she be much out of doors and she early went about with her father on his long drives, and was thus admitted to an intimacy with the lives of people unobtainable in almost any other way. This intimacy has been revealed in almost every page of her writings.

She talked with the families while her father saw the patients, and on the long drives listened to all her parent said of people and of nature, and he was a learned, observant man with a sunny heart to temper his observations.

Because of her delicate health she was unable to attend school regularly and the greater part of her education was received at home under the supervision of her father. Reading was always her favorite pastime and she had the run of her father's stock of books.

In "A Country Doctor" the public was given a glimpse of the happy relationship between her and her parent, for the picture of the "doctor" has always been considered a portrayal of her father. As a girl she was never lonesome, her active and imaginative brain peopling her surroundings with all sorts of quaint and delightful characters. She was used to entertain herself by the hour telling stories to herself.

Through all this she was gradually being prepared for the literary future which her father early recognized as her natural bent. At 19, her first story was accepted by Atlantic Monthly, not because of friends at court, but because the excellence of the story gained for her the cordial appreciation which afterward continued in so marked a degree. Her genius was encouraged and she afterward wrote many stories for Young Folks, the Riverside and the Atlantic Monthly.

"Deephaven" was her first success and she afterward published many volumes, including "The Tory Lover," "The Country of the Pointed Firs," "The Queen's Twin," "Tales of New England," "Betty Leicester," "Betty Leicester's Christmas," etc.

Saw Much of the World.

She traveled extensively in the United States, West Indies and in Europe, several of her trips having been made in company with Mr{s} James T. Fields. In appearance Miss Jewett was tall and dark, dignified, with a high-bred grace and courtesy of manner which charmed all who met her. She possessed a low, pleasing voice, and her face lighted up beautifully as she became interested in her conversation.

Her quick selection and discrimination of words showed her appreciation for the power of language. The French blood in her veins accounted for the flashes of wit and humor which illuminated her remarks.

Her early love of outdoor life was retained in her later years. She dearly loved to be close to nature. She loved her horses and almost daily when in Maine drove over the hills about her place. She could handle an oar as deftly almost as an old waterman, and her boat knew all the pretty reaches of the river and its quiet sunlit coves.

In her work she always thought out her story in full before attempting to put a line to paper. Her correspondence was attended to in the morning, and in the afternoon she gave her time to her writing, sometimes writing between 8000 and 10,000 words at a sitting. Some of her magazine stories were written at one sitting, but in her greater works she wrote from 2000 to 4000 words a day for four or five days, but she claimed that her writing was fitful.

Then would come the long rest, with drives, outings in her boat, maybe for a month or more. A sort of growing and gaining time, she called it, while the idea for a story formed in her head and she worked out its details in imagination before she attempted to reduce it to manuscript.

By the will of Susan Burley Cabot of Boston she was, in 1907, left $20,000 and a share in the Boston atheneum.* Her title of doctor of letters was conferred by Bowdoin college, in which her father was formerly a professor. Her clubs were the Mayflower of Boston and the Lyceum of London.

The books of Miss Jewett had a ready sale in England as well as in this country, where they were recognized as being true to nature. Her strength as an author lay in the detail of her work, and in her local color. Her works have a genuineness, integrity

and wholesomeness which appeal to those who have met the types she so finely described.

Notes

modern hands: In fact, the Jewett family regularly modernized the original South Berwick house, including additions, plumbing and electricity.

atheneum: According to "Leaves $3,000,000" in the Boston *Daily Globe* (30 March 1907, p. 11), Mrs. Cabot's bequest to Jewett was $2000 and the Atheneum share.

Sarah Orne Jewett's Funeral Press Reports

From an unknown newspaper clipping held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection.

South Berwick, Me., June 25 — The funeral of Sarah Orne Jewett, the author, whose death occurred last evening at her summer home here, will take place, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Congregational Church. The service will be conducted by the Rev. George Lewis, D. D., who has been pastor of the church for thirty-five years. The bearers will be Charles C. Hobbs, William Thompson, two of the oldest members of the church, William A. H. Goodwin and John B. Whitehead.

From the Boston *Daily Globe* 28 June p. 13

South Berwick, Me. June 27: The funeral of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, the author, held in her ancestral home today, was marked by that extreme dignity and simplicity which had characterized her life and her writings. The Body lay in the casket in the front parlor and the people of the town, invited from the pulpits of each church of the village, came to pay their last respects, as in previous years they had come to mark the passing of her parents and of her grandparents in the same old mansion.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. George Lewis, for 35 years Miss Jewett's pastor at the Congregational church. The 23d and 24th Psalms were read and and De Wolfe Howe's poem, "The Travelers,"* one of her favorites. Interment was in the Portland-st. cemetery beside the tombs of Miss Jewett's parents and grandparents.

Banked about the casket were glorious floral tributes from friends in many parts of New England. Among those at the services were many from distant cities and towns, Thomas Nelson Page, the author, and others of note gathering to pay their final tribute. The bearers were Charles C. Hobbs, William Thompson, William A. H. Goodwin and John B. Whitehead.

Notes

"The Travelers": The texts read at Jewett's funeral are from Psalms in the Bible, and from *Harmonies: A Book of Verse* (1909) by American editor and author and Jewett friend, Mark Antony De Wolfe Howe (1864-1960).

The Travellers

They made them ready and we saw them go
Out of our very lives;
Yet this world holds them all,
And so it must befall
That we shall know
How this one fares, how that one thrives;
And one day — who knows when? --
They shall be with us here again.

Another traveller left us late
Whose life was as the soul of ours;
A stranger guest went with him to the gate,
And closed it breathing back a breath of flowers.
And what the eyes we loved now look upon,
What industries the hands employ,
In what new speech the tongue hath joy,
We may not know — until one day,
And then another, as our toil is done,
The same still guest shall visit us,
And one by one
Shall take us by the hand and say,
"Come with me to the country marvellous,
Where he has dwelt so long beyond your sight.
'T were idle waiting for his own return
That ne'er shall be; face the perpetual light,
And with him learn
Whate'er the heavens unfold of knowledge
infinite."
Each after each then shall we rise,
And follow through the stranger's secret gate,
And we shall ask and hear, beyond surmise,
What glorious life is his, since desolate
We stood about the bed
Where our blind eyes looked down on him as
dead.

Edith P. Wolcott to Annie Adams Fields

Sunday

[*27 June 1909*]*

[*Begin Letterhead*]

RAILROAD STATION & POST OFFICE, READVILLE

HILL FARM, MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

[*End Letterhead*]

Dearest Mrs Fields,

My heart is very full of sympathy for you, & sorrow that that beautiful presence is no longer with us in the flesh. You who live in the spirit will

[Page *2*]

never really part from her, & we shall think of you always together, associated with all that is beautiful & good. I know too that in the midst of your loneliness you will give thanks that she is set free.

Was there ever

[Page *3*]

a richer, more harmonious nature! voice, Eyes, heart & mind "according well{?}"* One can well believe the music is vaster now that she has joined the heavenly choir, & we who have had the blessing & the privilege of knowing her will ever keep the sound of that

[Page *4*]

harmony in our lives.

I was dressed to take the early train to Portsmouth & go with Fanny Parkman* by trolley to the funeral today, but my little grandson who is very ill, did not seem sufficiently better for me to be away so long & I gave up going. My love & thoughts are with you. Do not answer dear, but believe me always your grateful loving

Edith P. Wolcott

Notes

27 June 1909: This is the Sunday of Sarah Orne Jewett's funeral.

according well: Wolcott alludes to British poet, Alfred Lord Tennyson's (1809-1892) "In Memoriam," stanza five of the Prologue:

> Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster. We are fools and slight;
> We mock thee when we do not fear:
> But help thy foolish ones to bear;
> Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Fanny Parkman: Mary Frances Parker Parkman. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA.

Willa Cather to Annie Adams Fields

June 27, 1909
London

Dear Mrs. Fields;

Yesterday at noon I learned of the bitter loss that has come to us all and to you more than to anyone else. I think you will know better than I can tell you how constantly my thoughts have been with you since then. This city, and my walking about the streets of it, seem very much like a dream when my heart is straining over-sea to you and to her who loved you so well through so many years. For I cannot bring myself to feel but that somehow she is there near you, and that if I could go to you today I would feel her presence even if I could not see her, as I felt it when I went to see you when she was first ill in the winter. When one is far away like this one cannot realize death. Other things become shadowy and unreal, but Miss Jewett herself remains so real that I cannot get past the vivid image of her to any other realization. I know that something has happened only by the numbness and inertia that have come over me. I find that everything I have been doing and undertaking over here I have done with a hope that it might interest her — even to some clothes I was having made. And now all the wheels stand still and the ways of life seem very dark and purposeless. There is only one thing that seems worth hoping or wishing for, and that is that you and Miss Mary are finding strength and comfort from some source I do not know of, for I know that Miss Jewett's first care and anxiety would have been for you. She was always so afraid of losing you, so afraid, as she told me at Manchester last summer, "that her life might be blown away from her without warning."

I shall sail for home some time next week, as soon as I can get a boat, and I can hardly expect to hear news of you from anyone until then. I shall let you know as soon as I land in New York. If there is anything, little or big, that I can do, if there should be anything which I could attend to for you, or any way in which I could lighten your loneliness, it

would help me more than anything else in the world could and give me deeper pleasure.

Dear Mrs. Fields, one cant speak or write what I want to say to you, for nobody's heart can ever speak. Let me love and sorrow with you, and think of me sometimes when you are thinking of Miss Jewett. I could never tell you, I cannot ever tell myself, how dear you both are to me.

Willa

Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, MS Am 1743.1, Series III. Letters to Annie (Adams) Fields, item 143. This letter has been transcribed previously by Andrew Jewell and Janis Stout, appearing in *The Selected Letters of Willa Cather*, New York: Knopf, 2013.

Georgina Hogarth* to Annie Adams Fields

27 Pelham Crescent — S.W.
12.h. August 1909

Dearest Annie — Thank you so much for your dear letter which I received yesterday — with all its pathetic interest about dear Sarah's last days — and her beautiful [Funeral *?*]! Indeed you had not written any of it to me before — It is the first letter I have had from you since [your great sorrow *?*] — and I afsure you I did not expect to hear any sooner. Of course [we can only be *?*] thankful for her — that she is spared, as you say, the coming in of [old age *?*]! and relief from all suffering.

[Page *2*]

Still* you must mifs her every day! and mourn for her always. It is comforting that she [was clear *?*] — and able to do and say kind noble things to her very end! I was [much *?*] touched by her having been so kindly interested in my troubles! I have had a most [*unrecognized word*] [time *?*] all this year — and I was obliged to part with my dear [little *?*] home! I could not afford to go on living in it — as I had spent too much upon it from first to last — It is all too complicated to explain in writing! [Perhaps if we could talk *?*] together I would soon [make *?*]

[Page *3*]

You understand the situation. [*mark*] I have been staying on to visit — at Harys,* until they all have {gone} abroad for their Holiday [*3 unrecognized words*] — They [wanted me *?*] to go too — but I could not [manage *?*] it this summer. I have not yet found a place to live in permanently — so for the present I am ^in^ very nice lodgings with my maid — and I am quite comfortable. But I will be glad when I can get into a rented home again! either a flat — or Room in a home as near to Hary; near as I can find. — That makes the difficulty — but as I [*unrecognized word*] [have *?*] pleasant lodging there is really no occasion for

[Page *4*]

me to hurry over my choice of an abode — I do mifs my poor dear little house! more than I can say! I had hoped to live there for the rest of my life!

I sold it very well, I am glad to say — so that I was able to pay off every penny of debt — and to have [*unrecognized word*] again —

The heat is very intense in London just now — and although I like it — and was thankful to have it after our wretched [no*, ?*] summer! it is not enjoyable in [town*?*]. I hope to go at the end of this month, for two or three weeks to my new friend Mrs [Byrn* *?*] in Kent — and I am {looking}

[Page *5*]

forward very much to that relief!

I fear you must have been suffering very much from your intense [Heat-wave *?*] of which ours is of course only a faint reflection! But [we find it *?*] enough! —

I am glad you have had [*unrecognized word*] relays of kind friends to stay with you — and [cheer you a little *?*]!

I am especially glad to hear that Sally Norton* is with you now — She is such a dear creature! and is sufficiently sad herself [not *?*] to be too cheerful for you. I saw her when [*deletion*] she was in London

[Page *6*]

and Lily also and was [most *?*] glad to see them! Sally will, no doubt, [have told *?*] you something about [me *?*] and my troubles.

When I [speak of tears *?*] to you, I feel [ashamed! as *?*] what [are they *?*] to what you have suffered this year! I do wish the Atlantic did not [stand *?*] in [*unrecognized word*] such close friends as [*2 unrecognized word*s] and you! I often feel it would be such a comfort — and pleasure to be able to talk to you! Letter [writing *?*] is not the same thing — but it is better [than nothing *?*]! at any rate

[Page *7*]

a letter can take you the afsurance of my true love and [sympathy *?*] — and that I am always yours most affectionately

Georgina Hogarth

Notes

Hogarth: Wikipedia says: "Georgina Hogarth (1827-1917) was the sister-in-law, housekeeper, and adviser of English novelist Charles Dickens and the editor of two volumes of his collected letters after his death."

As the many guessed and unrecognized words in this transcription indicate, Hogarth's handwriting is very challenging. Much of the text I believe I have read is guesswork. Anyone working further with this letter will want to consult the ms.

Harys: Probably this was a member of the Charles Dickens (1812-1870) family. She maintained a close relationship with Dickens's son, Sir Henry Fielding "Harry" Dickens (1849-1933).

Byrn: This transcription is uncertain and the person has not yet been identified.

Still: Hogarth may have deleted this word.

Sally Norton ... Lily: Sara Norton and her sister, Elizabeth/Lily. Key to Correspondents. Their father, scholar Charles Eliot Norton, died in October 1908.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item , III. Letters to Annie Adams Fields.

Annie Adams Fields to George Edward Woodberry

Manchester by Sea
Sep^{r} 19th 1909

_____

Dear Mr. Woodberry:

Surely your kindest of letters was not needed to bring back some of the pleasant hours we have lived together! but you could not know how much it was needed to bring me your message about her and your feeling for us both. She sank away out of our arms into bliss so silently that the ears of earth could not hear the flight of the soul. She had been carried six weeks earlier to her dear

[Page *2*]

home where she could hear the first voices of spring and be laid on the grass there — as she [hoped *?*] and watch the flowers — that was not to be — and late in June she left us altogether for that new life and new experience which must be a deliverance and a joy; for the sense of life was a joy to her though long darkened by suffering & incompetence of the body. Now that she has awakened into a longer life she is often very near prompting and "touching me from the past",*

[Page *3*]

as our very near or dear ones are known to do.

And with me, life is again doubly quickened for the [*unrecognized word*] who are yet [*unrecognized word*] and [more *?*] beloved companions than ever if that were possible — ^ are speaking to [*unrecognized words*]^ By the way, I have spent half the time which was [to be been *?* — *intended* to have been *?*] dedicated to a letter to you in trying to find our poem the Proserpina* — written in Sicily. I wish to read it now with others! and among those "others" Thomas Whittemore* who has just returned from his "Sabbatical Year" to Tufts College ^ was [*unrecognized words*] ^ asked me to lend it to him — But, alas! I cannot remember the date of the magazine (I will write a p.c. to Harper and ask for it! [behold an idea ! *?*])

[Page *4*]

Now I have written the little message and can begin once more)

I am reading your Life of Poe* with much interest because, although he was before my time, all his treatment of Longfellow and his association with Willis* were known to my husband and hence to me. The [pages *?*] in the 2^{d} volume about [*unrecognized words*] are of especial value it seems to me, for the [common *?*] world even of readers of poetry have been a good deal fogged respecting Poe's poetry — should they value it or should they not? and if they happened to be charmed by it — why? No especial mighty new thought was there. The alliance with music of which you speak is very true — but what a sad strange opposition he was! It makes me remember Lanier* who should have counted Poe as his best example in his book on poetry & music but I do not recall his name in L's pages — The ^ [*unrecognized word*] ^ book is most successfully put together ----

of my dear Sarah — I believe one of her noblest qualities of character was her great generosity — others could only guess at this but I was allowed to know it — not that she made gifts, but a wide sympathy was hers for easing disappointed or [incompetent *?*] fellow creatures. It was

[*Up the left margin and part way across the top margin of page 1*]

a most distinguishing characteristic! Mr. [Andrew *?*] spoke of Judge Bigelow* once "as friend to every man who did not [need bread! *?*] Sarah's quick sympathy knew a friend was in need before she knew it herself: she was the spirit of beneficence and her quick delicate wit was such a joy in daily companionship!

[*Up the right margin of page 1*]

Good bye dear friend. I shall be in winter quarters [*unrecognized word* Boston *?*]

[*Up the left margin of page 2*]

in a month from now. The year is [*unrecognized words*] in

[*Up the left margin of page 3*]

evening splendors here — Goodbye till your return

Annie Fields.

Notes

the past: What Fields is quoting has not yet been identified.

Proserpina: Fields seems to refer to a poem about Proserpina, written by either Woodberry or Fields and published in *Harper's Magazine*. This poem has not yet been located.

Presumably a "p.c." is a postcard.

Whittemore: American scholar and archaeologist, Thomas Whittemore (1871-1950).

Poe ... Longfellow ... Willis: American poets, Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) Wikipedia, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Key to Correspondents.

Of American poet and editor, Nathaniel Parker Willis (1806-1867), Wikipedia says: "Willis often tried to persuade Poe to be less destructive in his criticism and concentrate on his poetry. Even so, Willis published many pieces of what would later be referred to as 'The Longfellow War', a literary battle between Poe and the supporters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, whom Poe called overrated and guilty of plagiarism."

Lanier: American poet and musician, Sidney Clopton Lanier (1842-1881).

Almost certainly, Fields refers to his *The Science of English Verse* (1880). However, there are multiple references to Poe in this book.

Mr. Andrew... Judge Bigelow: Probably, Fields refers to George Tyler Bigelow (1810-1878), who was Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court (1860-1867). The transcription of Mr. Andrew is uncertain, and he has not yet been identified. Likewise, his remark about Judge Bigelow has not yet been located.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: George Edward Woodberry correspondence and compositions I. Letters to George Edward Woodberry, Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 65 letters; 1889-1914., 1889-1914. Box: 2, MS Am 1587, (71). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writers Collection, Burton Trafton Collection, Box 2, folder 87.

David Douglas to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin Letterhead*
Underlined portion filled in by hand.]
DAVID DOUGLAS
PUBLISHER
10 Castle Street
Edinburgh Oct 15 1909
[*End Letterhead*]

My dear Mrs Fields

I do not wish to plague you with books when you may be in no mood to read them, but {because} the volume that goes today [*deleted words*] ^is one which^ our dear friend had she been still with us, would have relished greatly I venture to send it to you, hoping that you will be able to enjoy a volume which contains nothing new to you or to any careful student of Walter Scott* but I think is carefully executed and the result of a good deal of thought and labour. You will see that it is written by a too partial

[Page *2*]

friend of mine a daughter of the late Professor Sellar — who makes far too much of any little aid I was able to give her —

If you see Mrs Eaton* pray remember me kindly to her —

I wish I had known that my granddaughter had been in Boston a fortnight ago, where she went with her father Professor Herdman* [to receive *?*] the Doctorate at Harvard — *

Pray do not think of acknowledging this note though you know a line from you is always welcome. —

I am thankful to tell you that our dear invalid keeps wonderfully well

[Page *3*]

though the [hurricane *?*] last night and this morning keeps her from sleep thinking of her

grandchild at [sea and nearing our channel as her father & she sailed from the other side on the 8th *?*]*

[*unrecognized word*] yours
David Douglas

Notes

Walter Scott: Scottish author, Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832).

Douglas refers to *Sir Walter Scott's Friends* (1909) by Florence Anne Sellar MacCunn (1857-1939). See also The Online Books Page. She was the daughter of Scottish classical scholar at Edinburgh University, William Young Sellar (1825-1890).

Mrs. Eaton: Mrs. Eaton is mentioned in a few Fields and Jewett letters, but she has not yet been identified with certainty. They were acquainted with Vashti and Bradley Llewellyn Eaton; she may be the Mrs. Eaton mentioned here.

Professor Herdman: The Douglas's daughter, Sarah Wyse Douglas (1861-1886) married Scottish marine biologist William Abbott Herdman (1858-1924). His second wife was Jane Brandreth Holt. Daughters from his first marriage were Beatrice Sophie and Winifred Flora Sarah Herdman. He received an honorary doctorate from Harvard University in 1909.

8th: Though the transcription in brackets seems reasonable, I have guessed at many of the words, finding this passage quite difficult to read.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda, Box 16: mss FI 5637.

Alice Meynell to Annie Adams Fields

Granville Place Mansions
Portman Square
London W.
December 7
[*1909*]*

My dearest Mrs. Fields,

It was more than kind of you to write to me in the midst of your grief. You spoke about the letters of dear

[Page *2*]

Mifs Jewett. If you really wish me to contribute an introduction. I shall think it a great privilege, and would do it with great pleasure. But should it not rather be something to accompany or follow a preface from your own pen?

[Page *3*]

I send for your kind acceptance a copy of my own latest little book* — the first for eight years. Family things have taken up my time, and these efsays are of very various dates.

One of my best reasons for having patience with my own

[Page *4*]

work is that Mifs Jewett cared for it, and that you did so.

Politics* are surging so high here this winter that little books do not make themselves very conspicuous.

Please remember me very warmly to Mifs Cochrane and Mifs Dresel, and Mr. Whittemore,* if they are in Boston. Ever very affectionately yours

Alice Meynell

Notes

1909: Meynell refers to the recent death of Sarah Orne Jewett.

introduction: Annie Fields authored the preface to her selection, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911). There was no other introduction.

Fields's selection included one letter to Meynell, dated 14 December 1904. In her preface, Fields quoted from Meynell's letter of 11 November 1910:

> I shall be so sorry to be entirely out of the volume you are preparing, of dear Miss Jewett's letters, that I send you two to use or not as you will decide. Her letters to me are too much about me and not enough about her. That is why I hesitated to send them. I always thought of her as the most selfless creature I had ever known — a few hours in her company convinced one of that. And her letters are inevitably like her. (Atkinson, p. 281)

little book: Damian Atkinson (2013) identifies this book: *Ceres' Runaway and Other Essays* (1909).

Politics: Atkinson notes that an inconclusive parliamentary election was held in January 1910, leading to another election in December.

Cochrane ... Dresel ... Whittemore: For Jesse Cochrane and Louisa Dresel, Key to Correspondents. American scholar and archaeologist, Thomas Whittemore (1871-1950).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 47: mss FI 3305, Folder 1. Archival notes on the manuscript have not been reproduced. This letter was previously transcribed by Damian Atkinson for *The Selected Letters of Alice Meynell* (2013). New transcription and notes.

Mary Amelia St. Clair to Annie Adams Fields

1
4- Edwardes Sq. Studios
Kensington. [W *?*]
[Dec: 14. 1909.]*

My dear Mrs Fields

It is a very long time since I have written to or heard from you. I was ill for some time in the summer, & it was not till long, long afterwards that I heard of your great trouble.

[Page *2*]

I did not like to write then, when it was so late, but I think you will know how often I thought of you & grieved for you. I shall never forget Miss Jewett's sweetness & kindness to me when I was with you. It is a great loss — & we feel it over here — to American literature; her work stands alone, so simple, so beautiful, so perfect.

[Page *3*]

Mr Gilder's death,* too, has been a great shock to me. He had written to me a few days before.

I am very much afraid that you will have neither strength nor inclination to see any strangers now. But if later, this winter, you were able, I know it w. give great pleasures to my

[Page *4*]

friends, Mr & Mrs George Prothero* to call on you, when they are in Boston. I have ventured to give them a letter of introduction, but I have prepared him for y. not being able to receive him; you must not think of it if it is in any way an effort. He is a great scholar* & a charming [person *?*]. She is altogether lovable. They will be staying with Professor William James* at Cambridge part of their time. Mr Prothero

[Page *5*]

3

is giving lectures in the States.

I have very little [*unrecognized word*] to give & feel too sad to give it. I have been very busy over my new novel "The Creators"* wh. is appearing in "The Century"; it is nearly finished, but it has been long & difficult. I think, perhaps,

[Page *6*]

it is an advance. I hope so, but I hardly know what to think yet. I am grieved that I did ^not^ finish it in time for Mr Gilder to read it all. A great deal of the pleasure ^ I sd. have had^ in its appearance has gone now.

I wish I were coming

[Page *7*]

over to America with my friends, & oh! I wish that I cd see you, if it was only for ever so short a time.

With love,

always y. very affectionate
May Sinclair

Notes

1909: In another hand and ink, in the upper left corner of page 1 appears this note: " [*unrecognized word*] — New Years Eve ---- 1909 — " Possibly this note was written by Fields. See also the other letter of this date from Sinclair to Fields.

Mr. Gilder's death: Sarah Orne Jewett died on 24 June 1909. Richard Watson Gilder died on 19 November 1909. Key to Correspondents.

Mr & Mrs George Prothero: Sir George Walter Prothero (1848-1922) was an English historian. His wife was Mary Butcher. In 1910, Prothero gave the Lowell Lectures in Boston and was Schouler Lecturer at Johns Hopkins University.

scholar: Sinclair appears to have underlined this word and then either deleted or emphasized the underlining.

William James: Key to Correspondents.

The Creators: Sinclair's *The Creators* appeared as a book in 1910.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, California: James Thomas Fields Papers and Addenda (1767-1914), Letters of Sinclair, mss FL 1-5637. May Sinclair, when she abbreviates a word as well as with some titles places some of the letters in superscript position. I have elected not to duplicate this practice in her letters in this volume.

Mary Amelia St. Clair to Annie Adams Fields

4. Edwards Sq. Studios
Kensington. [W. *?*]
Dec. 14. 1909

My dear Mrs. Fields

This is to introduce to you my friends Mr. & Mrs. George Prothero,* who are staying in Boston.

I believe it is the

[Page *2*]

very first letter of introduction I have sent you in all these years; so I think I must have been 'saving up' till I [cd. *?*] send you of the very nicest & the best.

I want [them *?*] to have the [same *?*] pleasures

[Page *3*]

that I [had *?*] the first day I saw you, [& to *?*] take back with them something of the same memory.

& as always dear Mrs. Fields
[v. affectionately yrs *?*]
May Sinclair.

Notes

Prothero: See above, Meynell to Fields of 14 December.

A photocopy of the manuscript of this letter is held by the Van Pelt Library of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA. May Sinclair papers Ms. Coll. 184, I. Correspondence. Fields, Annie (1834-1915) (13 items), 1905-1912. Box 1 folders 26-27.

Alice Greenwood Howe to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin Letterhead on front of card*]*
59 Commonwealth Avenue
[*End letterhead*]
[*Christmas 1909*]*

Dearest Annie,

I send you these simple fruits of faith, because they speak of all love & beauty, of seed time & harvest,* of attainment,

[Back of Card]

& continuing & beginning again —

with faithful love
your Alice —

Xmas tide ----

The sun has risen on the Alaskan night!

Notes

1909: At the top of the card's front, Fields penciled this note: Christmas 1909 from A.H. with a wonderful dish of fruit".

seed time & harvest: Howe alludes to the Bible, Genesis 8:22.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item 301, III. Letters to Annie Adams Fields.

James Marsh Jackson to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin Letterhead*]
230 BEACON STREET
[*End letterhead*]
26th December. '09.

My dear Mrs. Fields:

I am perfectly delighted to have this charming picture of our dear Miss Jewett. This is so much better than any other likeness I have seen of her that I hope it will replace some of

[Page *2*]

the later ones which do not do her justice —

Thanking you many times, my dear Mrs. Fields for thinking of me and I am sure you know how much I shall appreciate your kindness —

With best wishes for a Happy New Year.
[I am *?*] sincerely [yours' *so it appears*]
James Marsh Jackson*

Notes

Jackson: The New York *Times* of 8 March 1909, p. B5, reported that Jewett's Boston physician after her stroke was Dr. James Marsh Jackson (1864-1918), a prominent Boston physician, who summered near Fields in Beverly, MA. See Find a Grave and *New England Journal of Medicine* 180:3, 16 January 1919, p. 87.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item 307, III. Letters to Annie Adams Fields.

Selected from Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

[*29 December 1909*
201 West 55th St. New York City]

Ever Dear Friend

This brings my wealth of good wishes for a Happy whole year and then all the years you can wish for, Honor and Love and Troops of Friends{,} some new and all the old who may be spared in the old world and this we hold as the new ....

A large and lovely photograph came the other day of Sarah just herself, but with no name of the donor{.} It will be framed and placed in this my own room — Gertrude thinks she can find her ^Sarah's^ autograph to place on the margin and I hope she may....

Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 11: mss FI 1-5637.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

42 Pinckney St. Thurs. eve.
[*30 December 1909*]*

Dearest Mrs. Fields:

Of all the delightful queer things, your sweet letter takes the cake. For today my old cough was such a plague that I was driven to a Dr. — I who never go near one! He was very nice, prescribed; gave me some prohibitions as to diet &c.; found some interior damages — nothing serious — due to the effects of repeated colds; and ordered me to bed! I remarked something which was the polite equivalent of Pooh! or Bah! for of course bed was a moral impossibility, situated as I now am. I never even stopped to realize that I regretted that it was

[Page *2*]

such; but intended to fumble along as cheerfully as might be. Then I came home to find your letter. The prospect — I feel that I am a Pig to blurt it out! — was like paradise. I can't resist it! I would, if I felt I were going to be ill; but oh; the restfulness of being petted with breakfast in bed, and with the proffered solitudes and silences which I adore, and draw such vigour from, when I can only get them! It will be beatific for me, and I know I shall keep the Rule, my Lady Abbess, so that you shan't have an extra drachm* of fatigue for your hospitality. I can't begin to

[Page *3*]

say how grateful I am: grateful to the marrow. Look for me with a small suit-case on Sunday P.M., as I cannot break away so soon as tomorrow. I shall be there between five and six, I think: after teatime. I shall bring some belated Christmas letters (English) in my mind, to get written; a hot-water bottle; and little else. If my room is to be next to yours, it is plain that I must stop barking at night. Excellent inhibition! Do not let us revoke it. A Happy, Happy 1910 to you. With love and blessing from your much-beholden.

Louise.

Notes

30 December 1909: This was the Thursday after Christmas in 1909, the time at which Guiney indicates she wrote this letter.

drachm: A weight unit of 1/8 once. Also dram.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 26: mss FI 1534.

Sarah Orne Jewett's Last Will & Testament

Will of July 13, 1897

Be it Remembered, that I, Sarah Orne Jewett of South Berwick in the County of York in the State of Maine being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this my last will and testament.

After the payment of my just debts, funeral charges and expenses of administration, I dispose of my estate, as follows:

I give to my dear sister, Mary R. Jewett, all my share and right in the undivided estates of Theodore F. Jewett, William D. Jewett, Theodore H. Jewett, and Caroline F. Jewett, both real and personal property of every sort with all other property of every sort of which I may die possessed, including all my copyrights of books, by whomever published, now or hereafter, and all rights of every sort in literary material already printed by me, to have and hold in trust for the following uses and bequests, to wit: —

(1) To pay to Theodore Jewett Eastman three thousand dollars ($3000.) on his twenty-fifth birthday, and until that time one hundred dollars ($100.) each year on the fourth of August.

(2) To pay within one month of my death to Annie Fields of Boston two thousand dollars ($2000.) and half the income of my copyrights in the hands of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. to be

paid yearly as they fall due in May and November during her life. Also my diamond ring and my share in some pictures which we bought to-gether; this to be in remembrance of our long and dear friendship and with my love.

(3) To pay to John E. Tucker of South Berwick within two months of my death, one thousand dollars ($1000.) in remembrance of his faithful friendship and service of my family and me.

(4) To pay to Susan Jameson Jewett one thousand dollars ($1000.)

(4 1/2) To pay to Hannah L. Driscoll one hundred dollars ($100.)

(5) To pay to the General Fund of Berwick Academy, one thousand dollars ($1000.) the income to be spent for proper care or repairs of the Library windows, or memorial window to Soldier, and Sailors as a first charge

(6) To use, enjoy and expend all that may be left for herself, and to her own use during her life, and to sell, convey and dispose of the same by deed during life, or by will at her decease in any way she may elect.

I particularly entrust the care of my unprinted papers and unfinished manuscripts to Annie Fields and my said sister, and I forbid the printing of any prose or verse or more especially of any of my letters in whosever hands they may be, except as my said sister and the said Annie Fields may to-gether, in due form of writing, authorize and permit; they being well aware of what would please me in this regard or what I should dislike.

I appoint my sister, Mary R. Jewett, as executrix of this will, without bonds.

I ask my said sister or my Executor to follow out the provisions of a letter of instructions inclosed in this Will in regard to certain remembrances to be given to my friends.

Codicil of July 5, 1907

Be it Remembered that I, Sarah O Jewett of South Berwick in the County of York in the State of Maine being of sound and disposing mind and memory, but mindful of the uncertainty of this life, do make, publish and declare this a codicil to my Last Will and Testament, hereby confirming the former Will by me made. Except - as hereinafter provided.

(1) In event of my receiving in my lifetime, or my estate being increased after my decease by receipt of the legacy bequeathed to me by the late Susan B Cabot of Boston Mass. I direct and bequeath that the income which may be derived from said legacy be paid to Mrs Annie Fields of said Boston, if she should survive me, for and during her life; and at her decease the said legacy bequeath to my sister Mary R Jewett in accordance with the terms of the will made by me July 13th, 1897, and to which this is a codicil.

(2) I hereby revoke the legacy bequeathed in said will to my nephew Theodore J. Eastman.

(3) I bequeath to Kate O'Mahoney, Kate Galvin, and Joseph Flanagan each to such of them as may be members of our household at my decease, the sum of one hundred dollars ($100.) with my thanks for their affectionate service.

Jewett's Estate
Boston *Dailey Globe* (23 July 1909, p. 7).
ESTATE VALUED AT $50,000.
Sarah One Jewett leaves Bulk of Property to Sister Mary and Mrs Fields of Boston.

BIDDEFORD. Me. July 22 — At a special session of the York county probate court held here today among the wills presented was that of Sarah Orne Jewett, the author, of South Berwick, who left an estate valued at about $50,000.

Her sister, Mary R. Jewett, is made residuary legatee, and among the public bequests is one of $1000 to the general fund of Berwick academy for the care of the library windows and memorial window to the soldiers and sailors of the civil war.

The bulk of the property is left to her sister, Miss Mary Jewett of South Berwick, and a friend, Mrs Annie Fileds of Boston, who is remember with a bequest of $2000.

All of Miss Jewett's copyrights were bequeathed to Miss Jewett and Mrs Fields, together with unpublished manuscripts.

A Selection of Correspondence from after 1909

Selected from Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

[*7 January 1910*
201 West 55th St. New York City]

Did I thank you for the picture of Sarah?* I guess I did but here it is again. I have chosen the place for it close to the portrait of my dear old mother and I am sure they will be glad if they know { — } anyhow we will be glad and I the gladdest.

Notes

Sarah: See Collyer to Fields of 29 December 1909.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 11: mss FI 1-

5637.

Mark Antony De Wolfe Howe to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin Letterhead*]
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
EDITORIAL ROOMS
[*End letterhead*]

[*7 January 1910*]

Dear Mrs. Fields.

Fanny* forwarded me your note to New York, and ever since my return I have been trying to come in and tell you how glad I shall be to have the letters copied. Within a day or two now

[Page *2*]

I hope surely to see you. I shall want to tell you, too, how very greatly I enjoyed my little glimpse of Mr. Morgan's library.*

Always affectionately yours
Mark Howe

7 January 1910*

Notes

Fanny: Howe's wife, author Fanny Huntington Quincy. The topic of this letter is collecting and publishing Sarah Orne Jewett's letters.

Mr. Morgan's library: Then called the Pierpont Morgan Library, now the Morgan Library and Museum, in New York City.

1910: Howe has changed 1900 to 1910, presumably after almost writing 1909.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item 303, III. Letters to Annie Adams Fields.

Annie Adams Fields to Mary Rice Jewett

April 23d — 1910 — 148 C. St.

Dear Mary;

Mifs Arnold of Simmons College* came to see me yesterday to say (what you may have already heard) that the fund for the scholarship was completed and they are going to have a little meeting presently, it is not yet decided when, I think, to announce it and to speak of Sarah — I wish the good Sewalls'* were not going quite so soon for I think they would like to be there. The early season must be hurrying you indeed. Can I send you any seeds or "what not" from [mine *?*] that you cannot so well [write *?*] about — my cherry trees are in full beauty; and alas!

[Page *2*]

so are the little houses which are already three stories high staring straight into the "Convent Garden {.}"* Mr. Murchie* is doing all that is possible about the Manchester road but our only demand now is to defer the time for making it — We shall [probably *corrected*] have one more summer possibly two before it is done.

Willa Cather* is to be with me over Sunday. She has been busy in town all the week seeing men about her magazine work. I know she would send you her love if she were in my room this moment —

Mifs Ethel Arnolds* lecture [or reading *?*] at G. G. E's was a real success of the best kind.

No! the check will not "turn up" but I shall tear it with spite when it does and use the other!

Affectionately your A.F.

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

Mrs [Prell*?*]* was here yesterday seeming remarkably well —

Notes

Arnold ... Simmons College: Sarah Louise Arnold (1859-1943) was the first dean of Simmons College. A noted suffragist, she also served as President of the Girl Scouts of America.

The Sarah Orne Jewett Scholarship at Simmons College was established in 1910: "The Sarah Orne Jewett Scholarship Fund was raised and given to the College during the present spring by Miss Jewett's friends. The amount of this fund is three thousand dollars, the interest of which is to be used annually for some deserving student, preferably from the state of Maine, Miss Jewett's native state. An additional one hundred and fourteen dollars was included in the total amount subscribed, whereby the scholarship may be made available at once."

Sewalls': Fields has written this name illegibly and inserted a clearer version above it; the reason for the apostrophe is not clear. Probably these are Jewett neighbors in South Berwick. See Helen D. Sewall in Key to Correspondents.

"Convent Garden": Fields's garden at 148 Charles Street in Boston. Friends in other letters also have given it this name. See, for example, SOJ to Whittier of 6 April 1885 and Whitman to SOJ of 11 April 1898.

Mr. Murchie: This may be Guy Murchie, Sr. (1872-1958), who "was a graduate of Harvard Law School, a ... member of Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders, a U.S. Marshall, and a prominent Boston attorney who at one time served as attorney to Winston Churchill. Sitting President Theodore Roosevelt and his wife attended Guy Jr.'s christening."

Willa Cather: Key to Correspondents.

Arnolds ... G. G. E's: Ethel Arnold (1865-1930), British suffragist and niece of the poet, Matthew Arnold. Wikipedia notes that she lectured in the U.S. on a variety of topics in the spring of 1910. Various newspapers report her appearances in St. Louis, Detroit, Brookline, MA and elsewhere during February through April, often in women's homes, her topic usually being woman suffrage. The transcription of G.G.E. is uncertain, and this person is unknown.

Mrs [Prell?]: This transcription is doubtful, possibly Prall? No one of these names is known to have been in contact with Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Box 3 Folder 200.

Annie Adams Fields to Louise Imogen Guiney

Sunday
[*Early 1910*]*

Dear Louise:

I have just written you a long note — then torn it up hearing the news from Dr. Jackman of your mother's release. Of course our joy in their happiness does not prevent our sorrow in our separations, in the sense of something cut away from the very roots of our life. Our dear ones, as we know, are only nearer, but the human heart must have its way for a little and so I must only send you my love today.

Your loving

Annie Fields

Notes

1910: Guiney's mother, Jeanette Margaret “Janet” Doyle Guiney, died in 1910, the exact date unknown, but probably before May. Dr. Jackman has not yet been identified. One may wonder if this uncertain transcription should be "Jackson." At this time Fields's physician was Dr. James Marsh Jackson (1864-1918), a prominent Boston physician, who summered near Fields in Beverly, MA.

This transcription is from a copy held by the Dinand Library of Holy Cross College in Box: SC007-GUIN-002, Folder 29, with the note that the original is held by the Colby College Archives.

Annie Adams Fields to Isabella Stewart Gardner

148 Charles St. [*Boston*]
May Sixth — [*1910*]*

Dear Mrs Gardner;

Dear Isabella;

(as I find myself calling you all to myself!)

There never were such roses, and never a lovelier day for them to come — a solitary and ^by turns^ sunshiny Sunday — when a friend's remembrance means so much —

Speaking of the roses — once a famous singer was told that it was

[*Page 2*]

one sign of genius to be able to do anything perfectly well — the perfection of her song was so [insurmountable *corrected*]; — <u>that</u> was genius.

Let us apply that among many other of your attainments to flower growing —

These roses were the perfection of their kind — and the kind a glory in itself —

I am glad you are soon to be at Green Hill* and perhaps will come to

[*Page 3*]

Manchester in the course of the summer for a night under my roof —

Miss Cochrane* is coming to me for the season and I shall [hope *corrected*] for music. I am busy now preparing a book of letters of my dear Sarah. I hope all her friends will send me any which they may have preserved. I do not mean to make a large or a tiresome book, — one only large enough to show her qualities of mind and heart.

Affectionately yours
Annie Fields.

Notes

1910: As Fields indicates in this letter, she began preparing an edition of Sarah Orne Jewett letters during the year following Jewett's death on 24 June 1909.

Though it seems almost certain that Fields wrote this letter in 1910, the date is somewhat problematic. May 6th fell on a Friday in 1910; Fields seems to be writing on the day she received the roses, but either she has miss-dated her letter or she has uncharacteristically waited several days before sending her thanks. Perhaps she meant to write May 8?

Green Hill: Gardner's summer home in Brookline, MA.

Miss Cochrane: Jessie Cochrane. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Fenway Museum, Papers of Isabella Stewart Gardner, Fields, Annie (Adams) (Mrs James T. Fields) 1882, 3 M letters, n.d., 1909, and letter from Mary S. Savell [Mary E. Garrett] to Annie Fields, 1903. 1915.

Selected from Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

[*16 May 1910*
201 West 55th St. New York City]

You are well I will believe and busy I know, setting the letters in order, not from the dead hand but the <u>living</u> of our dear friend and making true the scripture "she being dead yet speaketh{.}"*

Notes

speaketh: From the Bible, Hebrews 11:4.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 11: mss FI 1-5637.

Selected from Annie Adams Fields to George Edward Woodberry

June 12<u>th</u> 1910

[*Begin letterhead*]
MANCHESTER BY-THE-SEA,
MASSACHUSETTS.
[*End letterhead*]

[*Page 2*]

But we are not talking of dying but of living to the full, and pouring a large cup that others may drink and intoxicated rise to a higher level than is [common *?*] [to *or* for *?*] the world of men!

"Bring me wine but wine that
In the belly of the grape never grew"*

[*Page 3*]

Meanwhile I am going on with the congenial easy service of putting the little book of ^ S.O.J.'s^ Letters* together, among which yours take such a foremost place, I have made a brief introduction to my own letters with which the little volume will end — because it appeared to be needed to round the whole into form. I hope you will like the whole and will not say as Emerson* did after he had carefully eliminated from Thoreau's verse ^all^ which did not, to him, seem [*deletion*] quite inevitable, and sent the rest to his sister at her request; I fear

[*Page 4*]

"she will spoil my Greek Statue":* as indeed she did replacing everything in her [*unrecognized word*] and more. No, I have endeavored to cut [*unrecognized word* — profitably *?*] for ~~her~~ ^Sarah's^ keen taste and judgment, <u>without</u> cutting out the dear human natural element which was a distinguishing quality or her honesty.

Notes

letters: Fields *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* appeared in 1911.

grew: American poet and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) wrote "Bacchus," which opens:

> Bring me wine, but wine which never grew
> In the belly of the grape.

Statue: In her chapter "Glimpses of Emerson," in *Authors and Friends* (1896), Fields recounts the story of Emerson's role in publishing the poems of American author Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862). See also Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: George Edward Woodberry correspondence and compositions I. Letters to George Edward Woodberry, Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 65 letters; 1889-1914., 1889-1914. Box: 2, MS Am 1587, (71). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writers Collection, Burton Trafton Collection, Box 2, folder 87.

Mary Amelia St. Clair to Annie Adams Fields

4- Edwardes Sq. Studios
<u>London. [W *?*]</u>

Aug 3. 1910

My dear M<u>rs</u> Fields

How very sweet of you to send me that lovely coral pin. I am sure it is not only a pin, but a charm;

so no evil eye can ["overlook" *?*] me when I have it on.

I am so glad to get my dear Protheros* back

[Page *2*]

again & to hear news of you from them. I like to think of them, going as I went, one happy day, to see you in your beautiful room. Always it stands out as the happiest & most living thing that happened to me in America. I loved you from the minute when you asked me (you won't remember, but I do!) to give you my arm when you went across the room; & I can feel yours now, as it

[Page *3*]

touched ^mine^ — very light & very gentle. Somehow I knew that you wd n't have taken my arm you hadn't liked me a little.

I am looking forward now to living with you again in your book.* I have not been able to read very much all the year when I was writing my book.* I am so glad to have said good bye to all the horrible interminable proofs. They made me hate it, poor thing.

I saw the nice Herfords*

[Page *4*]

the other day at Hampstead & we spoke of you.

I think it is since I last wrote you that I went abroad & saw The Riviera, & Rome & Florence & Venice for the first time. Unfortunately I cd n't stay long enough to know them well; though long enough to remember it all as long as I live!

Now, most of my holidaying is over & I hope to get through a good deal of work in the autumn & winter.

With love & many, many thanks for yr beautiful gift

always dear Mrs Fields
v. affectionately ys May Sinclair

Notes

Protheros: Sir George Walter Prothero (1848 - 1922) was an English historian. His wife was Mary Butcher. In 1910, Prothero gave the Lowell Lectures in Boston and was Schouler Lecturer at Johns Hopkins University.

your book: Sinclair presumably is anticipating Fields's *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

my book: Sinclair's *The Creators* (1910),

Herfords: Among Fields's Hampstead acquaintances was Reverend Brooke Herford (1830-1903), a British Unitarian minister and author, who immigrated to the United States, serving in Boston after 1881. In 1892, he returned to England to serve at the Rosslyn Hill Chapel in Hampstead. As Rev. Herford was deceased in 1910, if Sinclair refers to these Herfords, she must have met other members of the family.

"Herford's eldest daughter Helen Brooke (1854-1935) was the main founder of the national Unitarian Women's League in Britain in 1908." *Dictionary of Unitarian & Universalist Biography*

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, California: James Thomas Fields Papers and Addenda (1767-1914), Letters of Sinclair, mss FL 1-5637. May Sinclair, when she abbreviates a word as well as with some titles places some of the letters in superscript position. I have elected not to duplicate this practice in this transcription.

Mary Augusta Ward to Annie Adams Fields

Stocks
Aug 27 [*1910*]*

My dear Mrs Fields

Dorothy I know is sending you some extracts from the very few letters alas! that we have been able to find from dear Sarah — It is possible there may be more, but the accumulation of letters in this house is bewildering, and it takes a very long time to search — I am so glad you are preparing a record of her, dear & noble being! — And how are you dear friend — and has it been a good & restful summer with you? Here, eventwise, we came back from Italy in May. I have been hard pressed with many — too many! kinds of work, for my illness in the spring threw me back 3 months in the literary undertakings I have pledged myself to,

[Page *2*]

and I have been rather painfully trying to overtake the lost weeks, to a [*unrecognized word*] accompaniment of Play centres & vacation Schools, & this endless suffrage controversy which has as you will know, reached lately a very critical and exciting shape ^with us^. However at last the Vacation Schools are over, & the Play-centres are not yet reopened, & with every day to spend on the book life seems a little more peaceful. It is to be a kind of second Robert Elsmere,* 20 years after! — and I do hope you may be interested in it. But what the public of McClure's Magazine will say to it I

cannot tell — for it will be very English, very theological and America does not yet seem to have forgiven me Daphne. But it gives me joy to get back to some of the old lines, with a big canvas, & plenty of space. And now, dear Mrs Fields, here comes the [post *?*] — & this must just carry my love &

[*Cross-written in the top margin of page 1*]

tender remembrance to you. It has been a weary summer — endless wind & rain & storms — But still the flowers bloom, and the new-built Stocks looks often very pretty. I wish you could see it!

ever your affecte
Mary A Ward

Notes

1910: The Huntington Library has tentatively given the letter this date. This supposition is supported by Ward reporting that she and her daughter, Dorothy, plan to send along soon extracts from Sarah Orne Jewett letters in their possession, for Fields to consider for her *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

1910 was a year of considerable activity related to woman suffrage in England, including protests, civil disobedience, jailing and force-feeding of protesters. Central to this activity was a bill in parliament that could have extended voting to some women. A major event on 18 November came to be called Black Friday, when suffrage protest marchers at the Houses of Parliament were violently assaulted by police and bystanders.

Elsmere: Ward's *Robert Elsmere* (1888). Her *Daphne* appeared in 1909. Her next novel (1909-10) was *Canadian Born* in UK, *Lady Merton, Colonist* in the US. However, it was not serialized in *McClure's* but in *Ladies Home Journal*. The book she intended as a sequel to *Robert Elsmere* was *The Case of Richard Meynell*, serialized January - December 1911 in *McClure's*.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda: mss FI 5637, Box 64, Ward, Mary Augusta (Arnold), 14 pieces.

Annie Adams Fields to Katharine and Louisa Loring

[*Upper left corner printed in pencil in another hand*: Annie Fields]

Christmas=tide
148 Charles St.
Boston
[*Penciled in another hand*: 1910.]*

Dear friends:

Here comes a Christmas box for two who are still in the woods or by the sea! but quite unforgotten! The box contains gauds alas! but may they be welcome gauds — one a pretty hat pin for Louisa which Sarah chose for me one day saying: "There dear, you will like that for a present some day, it is so pretty! And the other a little string of venetian beads which [holds *?*] an ornament beautifully — this is for Katherine

[*Page 2*]

(Louisa, don't you touch it, except you may borrow it to wear some day if you are very good!) It is so light that you never think of it and yet it will hold a jewel in place round the neck quite beautifully — This is for Katherine! and all for love and Christmas Day

from
Annie Fields

Notes

1910: This date was penciled in apparently by a curator. A bit of supporting evidence is that Fields is gifting close friends items associated with Sarah Orne Jewett, the hat pin and, probably also, the Venetian beads. In the absence of more definite information, the 1910 date has been retained.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Beverly MA Historical Society in the Loring Family Papers (1833-1943), MSS: #002, Series II, Letters to Louisa Putnam Loring (1854-1924) Box 1 Folder 10.

Selected from Annie Adams Fields to Louise Imogen Guiney

148 Charles Street Boston
March 5th 1911 —

My very dear Louise:

[Page *4*]

I am about to print a group of dear Sarah's letters,* half repentant that I ever undertook the task and Mr. James* still hopes he will soon be well enough to write the brief introduction he has long had in mind. They will be published this summer, according to our plans.

[Page *5*]

It seems to me on the whole pretty sad work this printing of letters! And yet what a joy letters [have *corrected*] been to the world! But they do require a vast deal before and after and

undertaking! of acquirement, of [fulfilment *so spelled*] of native character, of wit and wisdom, of unselfishness or devotion — all this to make them useful and to be desired by the human race. Else as the Bible says "they spew them out of the mouth."* Willa Cather,* the dear child goes [on *corrected*], her

[Page *6*]

health is much better. The editor=ship of that fearful magazine factory will prevent her from her own career as a writer — but I trust she will make up her mind to that and will not struggle, because in that case both will come to wreck. She has real talent and a noble constitution naturally but her labors must be gigantic while she holds the rudder of that vast machine. She would gladly relinquish it but she must move

[Page *7*]

carefully for she carries family responsibilities beside those of her own....

Notes

Sarah: Fields's *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* appeared in 1911.

Mr. James: Henry James. Key to Correspondents.

mouth: See the Bible, Revelation 3:16.

Willa Cather: Key to Correspondents. At the time of this letter, Cather was editor at *McClure's Magazine*.

This manuscript is held by the Dinand Library of Holy Cross College in Box: SC007-GUIN-002, Folder 28.

Selected from Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

[*1 October 1911*
201 West 55th St. New York City]

Dear Friend for keeps

The Book* came safe and sound and I am head on and heart on to page 85 at bed time last evening — with my pencil in my hand, and only wish your Introduction was longer — The story so far is a new revelation of her life to me, and will be to the end{.} Tender to tears now and then or wreathed in smiles to which I answer unbeknowing as like as not — only you could have made the selection as it stands and if she could speak from the heavens she would thank you, but her host of friends and yours will thank you as I do....

Yours always as ever
Robert Collyer

Notes

Book: *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911) by Annie Adams Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 11: mss FI 1-5637.

Annie Adams Fields to Mr Updike

Oct^{r} 10th
1911

[*Begin letterhead*]
MANCHESTER BY-THE-SEA,
MASSACHUSETTS.
[*End letterhead*]

My dear Mr. Updike:*

Your note is a pleasure to me for which I must thank you before the next mail goes out.

Yes! they are (the Letters)* more full of the writer than letters often are! Why one can scarcely say; but I am glad you have found her again in them. I shall come to town shortly now and shall hope to see you.

Most truly yours
Annie Fields

Notes

Updike: Almost certainly Mr. Updike is Daniel Berkeley Updike (1860-1941) an American printer and typography historian who began his career at Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in 1880 before going on to found Merrymount Press in 1896. He printed Jewett's posthumous collection, *Verses* (1916).

Letters: Annie Fields's edition of *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

The manuscript of this letter is held by Milne Special Collections and Archives, University of New Hampshire Library, Durham, NH, USA: Annie Fields Letters, 1882-1911, MS 58.

Robert Collyer to Mary Rice Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
201 W
WEST 55TH STREET
NEW YORK
[*End letterhead*]
October 24th 1911

Dear our Mary

Glad I am to [recieve *so spelled*] your letter, and know you are all right and had a pleasant outing —

May you have a pleasant [driving *?*] now all the winter long and the rest of the fall at home and the meet'n as I believe you will for "it is your [nater *so spelled*] to{.}" And to tell you we are fairly well at 201, Gertrude has her head aches, but not heart aches to speak of for which I am glad { — } so is son Robert{.} We are about settled except for "Tommy" who died in extreme old age in the spring to our sorrow for he was the best of good company —

Gertrude is going to find another and then the home nest will be full{.} I am reading the dear good

[Page *2*]

volume with heart whole delight{.} Have got to p. 85 last evening and save it for quiet hours — It is well done and well ordered. I write here and there the sentences met with a pen but on my heart and there they will stay{.} Maybe I shall return to this now and again — I hold a pencil with the other hand and mark down golden words — Our dear friends preface is as good as gold only I wish there was more{.} Today I am going to the opening of the new Chapin Home on Long Island and have to "make a few remarks{.} Robert & Gertrude are going on the water to Long Branch just for the jaunt and the dinner at a small Hotel they haunt{.}

This is a sad medley but I will do better some day and am

As ever yours
Robert Collyer

Notes

Gertrude ... Robert: Daughter-in-law and son. Key to Correspondents.

dear volume: *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911) edited by Annie Adams Fields, "our friend."

Chapin Home: The Chapin Home for the Active Aging was founded by Hannah Chapin and her husband, American preacher and editor, Dr. Edwin Hubbell Chapin in 1869. Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence 1868-1930. IV: Letters to Mary Rice Jewett, MS Am 1743.1 (237).

Selected from Mary Augusta Ward to Annie Adams Fields

[*27 October 1911*
From Stocks, Tring, UK.]

The charming book has arrived, and Dorothy and I have been browsing in it in the intervals of this rushing week which has seen the coming out of Richard Meynell and when the days seem to have been one continuous whirl of letters and [services *?*]. But I have read enough to see how truly & purely these letters reflect the schõne seele* that dear Sarah was, & how tactfully & wisely you have put them together. When life is a little less [humid *?*] — next week — I will write again dear friend, much more at length. How [*deleted word*] beautiful is the frontispiece!*

Notes

Meynell: Ward's *The Case of Richard Meynell* (1911).

schõne seele: German, beautiful soul.

Sarah: Ward and her daughter, Dorothy, were reading Fields's *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

frontispiece: The frontispiece of *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* is a photograph of the youthful Jewett.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda: mss FI 5637, Box 64, Ward, Mary Augusta (Arnold), 14 pieces.

Selected from Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

[*25 November 1911*
201 West 55th St. New York City]

Dear Friend

Reading your letters* again and then some more{.} I want to come to sit in that corner where the books are and talk to my hearts content — I sent you The Dial yesterday — not knowing [wether *so spelled*] you "took it in" as they say in England — I think the notice of "The Letters" is real sweet and good, also

delicate — I read a few at a time as we used to suck on taffies when we were weans* — leastwise I did when I had some — The dear friend seems to be saying the things now and then and is not far away, and then silence as I sit here musing and listening — just as I think you do....

Notes

letters: *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911) by Annie Adams Fields.

Dial: A review of *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* appeared in *The Dial* 15:1 (November 1911), pp. 337-9. Collyer may refer especially to these sentences:

> In passages like this, the reader finds reflections of the love of nature and mankind, the poise and resourcefulness and the bravery and faith of Miss Jewett as woman and author. Although her health was often poor, she never intruded a complaint, and her letters, like her stories, are always hopeful and refreshing.

weans: Wee ones.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 11: mss FI 1-5637.

V. W. L.* to Annie Adams Fields

Salisbury, Conn.
August 13th 1914.

Dear Mrs. Fields,

I seldom take up the volume of Miss Jewett's Letters,* edited by you — and it is my constant companion — without feeling a wish to thank you for the great pleasure and comfort you are giving those who love her, in this precious book. At this late hour I obey the impulse, feeling that I need not

[Page *2*]

apologize to you for doing so.

It was never my privilege to meet Miss Jewett — in the flesh — yet so much of her own personality entered into her stories, that I felt — in a way — that I knew her. She says in one of her letters xxx "it is those unwritable things that the story holds in its heart — if it has any — that makes the true soul of it — and these must be understood" .xxx well — I think that I understood. The "heart of the story,"

[Page *3*]

which seemed her heart touched mine, and found response there. When she passed away I felt a sense of loss as if something had gone from my life that could not be replaced. But in these letters you have brought her back — nearer than ever before — for in them we seem to have her very self.

I cannot find words to express the comfort, the joy, the companionship, and true refreshment of spirit they have brought to me,

[Page *4*]

but I think you will "read between the lines", and "understand," my wish to tell you, tho' very imperfectly, of my gratitude — for your invaluable gift to

a lover of
Sarah Orne Jewett,
and yours very sincerely. (V. W. [L. *?*]

Notes

V. W. L.: The transcription of these initials is uncertain. The person's identity remains unknown.

Letters: Fields's collection, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, appeared in 1911.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Massachusetts Historical Society in Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221, "Loose Letters, 1852-1916." This transcription is from a microfilm, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462 1986, Reel 3.

Louise Imogen Guiney to A. K. Gibson* [selection]

1 July 1915

No, dear Sarah Jewett, whom I knew well, was never anything but a pro-Catholic. She had a natural love for the Faith, and was particularly attracted, as some of her stories* show, to the character of the Catholic Irish, the simple devout peasant stock. She spent almost a year once among them at Bantry Bay.*

Notes

Gibson: Probably, this is Archibald Kasson Gibson (1871-1953) of Grand Rapids, Michigan. The Grand Valley State University Archives (Allendale, MI) holds his scrapbook from 1896-1906 that contains among other items, his correspondence with publishers and booksellers. A biographical sketch reads: "Archibald K. Gibson was born in July 1871. He worked as a clerk/teller at the Grand Rapids National Bank. Gibson was a member of the

Society of the Philistines, an association of book lovers."

Jewett joined the Society of the Philistines at East Aurora, NY in July 1896. See her letter to the Society of 9 July 1896.

stories: Jewett published 8 stories about Irish characters, mainly immigrants to New England. See Morgan, Jack and Louis A. Renza. ed. *The Irish Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett*. Carbondale: Southern Illinois UP, 1996.

Bantry Bay: It is not correct that Jewett spent any length of time residing in Ireland.

This passage appears in *Letters of Louise Imogen Guiney* v. 2 (1896) pp. 206-7.

Henry James to Mary Rice Jewett

[*Begin Letterhead, printed in red*]
21 CARLYLE MANSIONS*
CHEYNE WALK
S.W.
[*End letterhead*]

August 13th
1915

Dear Mary Jewett.

This is just a poor word to thank you for your good note & the pleasure it gives me — so far as that sensation is possible to us here, in our War-thickened* & darkened-air, when floating in on that wave of detachment & dissociation which seems to us mostly now to attend matters that reach us from America. Happy for all, however, in that beatific condition (as so different from our unspeakable!) — so long as you can keep it up. Perhaps in presence of the most portentous Enemy that ever assaulted

[Page *2*]

Civilization & all the hopes of the world you won't be able to do so indefinitely. Therefore meanwhile, for [care *or* love *?*] & oblivion, do turn your back on us as much as you conscientiously can. I won't conceal from you that it was an effort of direct escape from our nightmare that I purposely acceded to Reginald Smith's* [invitation *?*] to produce that article for the Cornhill. (It was all his idea — which found me for old friendship's sake, so ready. He was an old friend both of Mrs. Fields & of her sister & the Atlantic only derived the paper from its place of appearance here.) I rejoice that it has seemed to you all to say a few of the right things in the right affectionate & faithful tone. I did have a bit of [*two deleted words*] ^a [craven *?*] flight^ from our actualities in writing it. But there they are again, as I am yours truly

Henry James

Notes

Mansions: Also printed in red, diagonally at top left of page 1: TELEPHONE 2417 KENSINGTON.

War-thickened: James refers to the early years of World War I, which in 1915 involved England, but not the United States. In this letter, James appears to capitalize words unconventionally. I lack experience reading his manuscripts, and so cannot determine whether he intended capitalization or merely often made some letters larger. Therefore, I have presented words that appear capitalized as they appear.

Reginald Smith's: London publisher, Smith, Elder & Co., publisher of *Cornhill Magazine*, was headed by Reginald Smith (1857-1916) after 1909. See *Dictionary of National Biography, 1927 Supplement*.

It looks as if Jewett has written to James about his essay, "Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields," which appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* 116 (July 1915) pp. 21-31. The essay ends with comments on the friendship of Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields and an evaluation of Jewett's literary achievement.

Of Fields's sisters, the one most likely to be known to Smith was author and translator, Sarah Holland Adams (1823-1916). See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 362, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

Josie Dexter to Mary Rice Jewett

Mar 23 [rd *?*]
[*Begin letterhead*]
393 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE
[*End letterhead*]*

[1916]*

My dear Mary —

I returned from New York two days ago — and found this dear little book of Sarah's verse — How charming it is — Everything is dear — but the tribute to her Father — especially appealed to me — "What heart so loving — as the heart that waits" — there's a whole world of loving

[*Page 2*]

in those few words —

I am so pleased to have the book — The little dear Stories — do bring out dear Sarah's delightful humor — like nobody else —
Theodore* was here yesterday{.} I came home from New York — with a bad cold & so sent for him — He is such a dear --- "a whole [train *?*] — and a red dog under the wagon{.}"*

It seems years since I have seen you — and I have not heard from

[*Page 3*]

Emily* since I came home —

Do you hear from Jessie Cochrane?* I never do — Did she [ever *?*] get her Fields gifts? Much love to you —

very affectionately
Josie Dexter

Kath-a-rine* is very well — & up to her eyes in work —

Notes

1916: The year in which Jewett's *Verses* was published.

letterhead: Stamped in the upper left corner of page 1: TELEPHONE BACK BAY 222.

Theodore: Dr. Theodore Jewett Eastman.

wagon: Perhaps an allusion to a popular poem, "The Little Dog Under the Wagon." See *The Scrap-book: It Being a Thousand Gems of Prose and Poetry,* by Edward Louis Colen Ward (1899, 56).

Emily: This person has not yet been identified. Possibly she is Emily Davis Tyson. Key to Correspondents.

Jessie Cochrane: Key to Correspondents.

Kath-a-rine: This person has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence 1868-1930. IV: Letters to Mary Rice Jewett, MS Am 1743.1 (241).

Lily Fairchild to Mary Rice Jewett

[Oct 19 *?*]

[*Begin letterhead*]
153, BRATTLE STREET
CAMBRIDGE
[*End letterhead*]*

[*1916*]*

Dearest Mary

The precious little volume has come. I have of course read it through before telling you of its arrival. I say I have read it — but truly I have heard dear Sarah's voice in my ears, and have seen her lovely face on every page. You have [given *corrected*] all her friends this boon of intimacy I know, & we are all together this day in the

[*Page 2*]

companionship out of earth which always means for me "The Communion of the Saints." Surely in some such way of love shall we all meet —

I find I didn't know the "Boat Song" and the "Top of the Hill" — but I know the first is for the Lower Landing (as I shall always think of it) and the second a place Sarah drove me to — was it Sarah or was it you, dear Mary? You two are so mingled in my thoughts!

[*Page 3*]

But I know the place: just how the land stretches away from the deserted dwelling.

I cannot be too thankful that you have done this thing and preserved the lovely verses. And I [send *corrected*] my dearest [thanks *corrected*] to you for my copy. The next time you are here I must show you my Dunluce — because I sadly miss in the book the other stanzas she wrote for me.

We shall welcome the

[*Page 4*]

rummage (hateful word!) The contributions for the "American Relief in France" very ardently. People are endlessly patient and kind to us beggars, but if this most hideous war has done anything of good it is the softening of so many hearts. Thank you for the coming box from Berwick.

I am really well again, though not quite steady on my pins nor quite able to do the 'chores" that take clear-headedness. Nothing does me so much good as the sight of people I love; do come to see me!

Gratefully & affectionately yr
Lily Fairchild

Notes

1916: The year in which Jewett's *Verses* was published.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence 1868-1930. IV: Letters to Mary Rice Jewett, MS Am 1743.1 (246).

Edith Prescott Wolcott to Mary Rice Jewett

Monday

[*December 1917*]*

Dear Mifs Jewett,

It is always a deep pleasure to have a place in your thoughts, and Christmas brought me this assurance. Many many thanks, & all bright & good things in the coming year.

Affectionately yours
Edith Prescott Wolcott

Notes

December 1917: The Houghton Library includes this letter in a collection of letters to Mary Rice Jewett and provides the year. The rationale for this information is not known.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. (Wolcott) E. S. W. 1 letter; 1917. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence 1868-1930. IV: Letters to Mary Rice Jewett, MS Am 1743.1 (242). Note that this catalog entry seems to have mistaken Wolcott's middle initial.

William Dean Howells to Mary Rice Jewett

[*Begin Letterhead*]
W. D. Howells, ~~100 WEST 57TH STREET~~
[*End letterhead*]
York Harbor,
Sept. 8, 1919.

Dear Miss Mary Jewett:

I have read the sweet little book* [almost *?*] every word. I do not know but the lines to your father and hers touched one nearly the most; but in all the lines I felt your sisters presence [and *corrected*] the country-side and the seasons she lived and knew to the heart.

Thank you for her book.
Yours sincerely,
W. D. Howells.

Notes

book: Probably Jewett has given Howells a copy of *Verses* (1916) a posthumous collection of poems by Sarah Orne Jewett. It seems a little odd that this happened about 3 years after it was published, but the distribution was limited, and the book may not have come to Howells's attention earlier.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 361, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

William Dean Howells to Mary Rice Jewett

[*Begin Letterhead*]
W. D. Howells, ~~100 WEST 57TH STREET~~
[*End letterhead*]
York Harbor,
Sept. 14, 1919.

Dear Miss Jewett:

Yesterday there came a box of your dear sister's and my dear friend's books, which I suppose came from you. At any rate I will thank you for it from a heart warm with reading in it many places. Just now I was [reading *corrected*] to my daughter about that circus,* and the lecture to young men, and we were both between laughing and crying. What beautiful work everywhere. Nobody else has come near it.

I hope you will like my choosing for my "American Stories" that delicious sketch <u>The Courting of Sister Wisby</u>.* [*mark*] It was hard to choose, and as a story this is slighter

[Page *2*]

than some others, but the study of the supposed teller of it is all but incomparable — that dearest and sweetest old mullen=gatherer.

Sometime when you have time and can copy my letter* to your sister suggesting the kind of work she should best do for the <u>Atlantic</u>, I should be very grateful for it.

My daughter joins me in love. It was such a [rare *?*] pleasure to see you.

Yours sincerely
W. D. Howells.

P. S. I shall have my say about your sister in my introduction to the book of stories.*

Notes

Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett in South Berwick, ME, cancelled on 15 September 1919. A penciled note, front top left reads: "Mr Howells."

circus: Howells refers to chapters in Sarah Orne Jewett's *Deephaven* (1877, 1893).

Wisby: Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Courting of Sister Wisby" first appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* in May 1887. Howells included it in his anthology, *The Great Modern American Short Stories* (1920).

letter: From the letters in this collection that Howells wrote to Sarah Orne Jewett, he could refer to one of these: 5 March 1871, 11 March 1871.

stories: In *The Great Modern American Short Stories*, Howells wrote:

> The three great artists, working always in simple and native stuff, whom I have almost inevitably grouped together in the order of my acquaintance with their stories, are collectively, if not severally, without equal among their contemporaries in their order of fiction. I like the beautiful art, the gentle nature-love and the delicate humor of Sarah Orne Jewett because I knew it first as the very junior editor whom it first came to in settled form, but I do not know that I value it more than the stories of Mrs. Wilkins Freeman or the stories of Miss Alice Brown, which I knew with the rest of the public when they began to appear in response to other editorial welcome. I think *The Revolt of "Mother*" had the widest and warmest welcome from the whole English-reading world; Miss Brown's story here is fairly suggestive of her far-reaching study of New England life; and very possibly it is because of my earlier liking for Sarah Orne Jewett's story that I like it most ["The Courting of Sister Wisby"]. She is less dramatic in the piece chosen than the others; the story is scarcely more than a placid and whimsical study of scene and character; it was hard to find any story of hers that was more than a study, but how preciously richer than a story this study is!

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 361, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett. An earlier transcription appeared in *Life in Letters of William Dean Howells*, edited by Mildred Howells. New York: Doubleday, 1928. v. 2, pp. 15-16, 41, 146, 391-2. New transcription and notes.

William Dean Howells to Mary Rice Jewett

[*Begin Letterhead*]
W. D. Howells, ~~100 WEST 57TH STREET~~
[*End letterhead*]
Kittery Point,
Oct. 4, 1919.

Dear Miss Jewett:

I thank you for the copy of [that *corrected*] queer, priggish letter* which I wrote your dear sister fifty years ago; but in spite of its queerness and priggishness I am proud of having divined the true [heft *?*] of her beautiful gift in it, and however superfluously advised her aright.

I am putting "The Courting of Sister Wisby"* into my short-stories book, and in my introduction I have to pay the over=due ^debt^ we all owe to that exquisite

[Page *2*]

spirit of her art. My daughter joins me in affectionate regards.

Yours sincerely
W. D. Howells.

Notes

letter: See Howells to Mary Rice Jewett of 14 September 1919.

Wisby: Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Courting of Sister Wisby" first appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* in May 1887. Howells included it in his anthology, *The Great Modern American Short Stories* (1920).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 361, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

Helen Bigelow Merriman to Mary Rice Jewett

Feb 2. 1920

[*Begin Letterhead*]
73 Bay State Road.
[*End letterhead*]

Dear Mary —

I knew you would hear of my cold through Theodore,* who is giving it devoted attendance. At first, while my natural momentum held out, I was for throwing it off quickly, and getting on as usual, but now four days of confinement to the house, mild dosing, and much coughing and sneezing, have made me so poor-spirited that I have put off my trip

to Intervale till another week — I am really better now, but

[Page *2*]

I want to feel [soundly *?*] well so that I can have a good time when I start forth.

Roger* has been in daily, and gives good reports of all at Cambridge. I have scarcely seen any one else.

One really great pleasure I have had, and that was rereading "The Pointed Firs".* It is certainly the most lovely, charming, book in the world, and it makes me love Sarah more than ever. I wonder if you know from what she quoted "The happiness of life is in its recognitions, &c" about the middle of page 250?

I love the book so that I [feel *or* felt *?*] bold to criticise it, because one cannot bear flaws in what one loves —

My criticisms are for the publishers only — Sarah's work is beyond criticism — but I wish they had made a plain green cover with the fir tree family outlined in gold, perhaps — and then I wish they had altered the sequence of the chapters a [*deletion*] little, putting "Queen's Twin" right after the ["Dunnet Sheperdess" *so it appears*]; then the "Backward View" to close the [season *?*] a little sadly, and then, with the springtime, put in "Williams' Wedding", leaving off at last on a note of happiness — I really think Sarah would have liked this: What a blessing it is that "Williams' Wedding' was found! It keeps the whole. I am writing too badly to write any more, only much love always.

from your Helen

Notes

Theodore: Dr. Theodore Jewett Eastman.

Roger: Merriman's son, Roger Merriman. See her entry in Key to Correspondents.

Pointed Firs: Merriman refers to Sarah Orne Jewett's *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896). However, she was reading a later edition. See *Dunnet Landing: Three Papers on Sarah Orne Jewett* (Sarah Orne Jewett Press 2024) for an account of the various editions of *Country* between 1896 and 1925.

Merriman was reading the 1919 illustrated "Visitor's Edition" in which three "Dunnet Landing Stories" were interposed between the penultimate and final chapters of the 1896 edition: "A Dunnet Shepherdess," "William's Wedding," and "The Queen's Twin" in that order.

Merriman quite rightly finds this order problematic, noting that "William's Wedding," set in the spring following all the other chapters, fits chronologically at the end.

Merriman's query about the quotation is somewhat puzzling, as the source of the quotation is given. The passage comes from "William's Wedding," where Jewett attributes it to "Santa Teresa." Perhaps Merriman wanted to know a book title. What she quotes appears in St. Teresa of Avila, *Interior Castles*, 'Fourth Mansions,' Chapter 1. Probably, however, Sarah Jewett quoted and paraphrased from *The Spirit of S. Teresa*, translated and arranged by the author of *The Life of S. Teresa*: London: Burns, Lambert and Oates, 1866.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 366, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett. A note penciled in another hand at the bottom of page 4 reads: "Taken from Swinburne's Select Poems. New York, 1887."

Frances Rollins Morse to Mary Rice Jewett

12. Marlborough Street
[June *?*] 1st
[*1927*]*

Dear Mary,

So often you are in mind this winter and spring, (& now, at long last, summer!) for I have turned so constantly to our dear Sarah's books for sheer comfort & delight, & refuge from the disquieting news of the day, wh. greets us in the Herald in the morning, (less often fortunately) in our good Transcript at night.

[Page *2*]

How full of beauty — of perceptions — of delicatest understanding of our people they are —

There are certain things wh. our generation delight in, wh. our dear younger people will have to miss because they have not (as we have,) known the true New England country people who "talk Shakespeare" as some English friends call it, & who use admirably many old Latinisms — and oh how gloriously well Sarah uses them!

[Page *3*]

I have had to become rather immobile this year, since last August, in fact, & have passed many mornings & evenings with dearest Sarah & Mrs Todd and Mrs Blackett* — and other dear well-known friends, — always coming away with the

sense of blessed refreshment & renewed faith in our dear New England (and in its survival{)}, wh{.} sometimes seems doubtful so that our faith needs renewing.

[Page *4*]

Our dear Mamie Blake* is in Italy just now, & has been staying with Mary Ware, in a villa on the slope of Fiesole — where Mary W. has been for most of the winter —

Mamie Blake is returning in August, while Mary Ware stays on for nearly another year. She loves Italy through & through, & has besides a number of Italian friends —

Dear Mary, your kind nephew* gives me occasional news of you wh. I care much to hear. When from time to time I come across a letter, or even a short note of dearest Sarah's I shall enclose it to you. I know what it means — my darling sister's letters are such treasures to me.

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

This is but a chat between us, & needs no answer.

Affectionately yours
Frances R Morse.

Notes

1927: It seems likely that Morse wrote after her sister's death, probably at least a year and before her own death on 17 September 1928. While it is possible this letter dates from 1928, 1927 seems the more likely date.

Blackett: Morse refers to characters in Jewett's Dunnet Landing stories, Almira Todd and Mrs. Blackett, from *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896) and the four additional stories set in the fictional Maine coastal village.

Mamie Blake ... Mary Ware: The transcription of "Mamie" is uncertain. These persons have not yet been identified. A candidate for Miss Ware is American botanist Mary Lee Ware (1858-1937), but she is not yet known to have spent any long period in Italy during her adult life.

nephew: Dr. Theodore Jewett Eastman.

sister's: Morse's sister was Mary Lee Morse Elliot (1855- 9 May 1926). Find a Grave.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 367, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

Miss A. Plunkett (Houghton Mifflin Company) to Mary Rice Jewett

[*Begin Letterhead with Publisher seal illustration*]
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
2 PARK STREET - BOSTON
[*End letterhead*]

April 12, 1928

Miss Mary R. Jewett
South Berwick, [Mass. *so typed*]

Dear Miss Jewett:

The stock of your sister's two books entitled "The Mate of the Daylight" and "Country Byways" is now exhausted, and the demand has fallen so low that we should not be warranted in reprinting them. Under these conditions we should naturally melt the plates in order to make room for newer accessions in our plate safe, but before doing so we write to ask if you care to avail yourself of the option given in the contract of purchasing them at half their cost, which for "The Mate of the Daylight" would be $114.35, and for "Country Byways" $116.50. If you desire to preserve the plates kindly let us hear from you within sixty days with full shipping directions. If we do not hear from you within sixty days we shall assume that you do not care for the plates and shall feel free to melt them in accordance with the contract provision.

Yours very truly,
Houghton Mifflin Company.
[*Signed*] A. Plunkett*
[*Penciled, probably in two different hands*]
(Miss A. Plunkett)
4 copies of each in house (new).

Notes

Byways: Sarah Orne Jewett's *Country By-Ways* (1881) and *The Mate of the Daylight* (1884).

Plunkett: Three penciled notes appear at the end of this letter, each seemingly in a different hand, and all appear different from the handwriting of the signature.

The first in order appears before the signature: Miss. The other two have been included above.

Miss Plunkett has not yet been identified.

The typescript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 357, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

Russell Cheney to Mary Rice Jewett

June 14 —
[*1928*]*

[*Begin letterhead*]
43 HARTFORD ROAD
SOUTH MANCHESTER
CONNECTICUT
[*End letterhead*]

Dear Miss Jewett .

That was such a happy visit with you and Theodore and you were so good to us and our cherished plan of his working at trying to capture some tangible expression from the inside of Miss Sarah's life —

[Page *2*]

[His *?*] work will stand [but *corrected*] sometimes a rare combination of circumstances can add to that personal achievement a picture to go along with it — the surroundings of a persons life and their manner of living it. The dignity & charm which invested her life are so rare in this racing country — and so needed —

[*Page 3*]

Your lovely quiet house & your sweet reception of us in & making me feel so at home and bringing so many times the vivid sense of our mothers presence many times the tears were close to my eyes — for happiness —

[Captin *?*] Stewart is a gold mine — possibly he thinks I am one too! a little square turning of stairway — [*unrecognized word*] — a [mantle *?*] — a dinner table

[*Page 4*]

two lovely little orchard doorways. There is something to start building a house around — the country about Kittery & the wharves of Portsmouth are great painting country — if Matty can get to his book this summer when his degree at Harvard comes in — he & I had better have a little house there somewhere — where he can get to South Berwick easily — wouldn't that be a happy summer —

affectionately
Russell.

Notes

1928: This date is supported by the Harvard *Crimson* report (1 April 1950) on the death of American literary scholar, Harvard University professor, and Jewett biographer, Frederick Otto Matthiessen (1902-1950). The *Crimson* says Matthiessen (called Matty in this letter) completed his Harvard Ph.D. in 1928, while Wikipedia says 1927. I have assumed the *Crimson* is correct; hence Matthiessen would be anticipating receiving his Ph.D. in a few weeks at the time of this letter, and then completing work on his biography of Jewett for its publication in 1929.

Russell Cheney (1881-1945), a New England painter, was Matthiessen's domestic partner and the son of Sarah Orne Jewett correspondent, Ednah Dow Cheney.

A penciled note in another hand up the left margin of page 4: Russell Cheney brings Matthiessen.

Theodore: Dr. Theodore Jewett Eastman.

Stewart: This person has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Additional Correspondence, MS Am 1743.1, Box 1, Item 18, I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Though the Houghton catalog says the recipient of this letter was Sarah Orne Jewett, internal evidence establishes that it must have been to her surviving sister, Mary Rice Jewett.

Helen Bigelow Merriman to Mary Rice Jewett

April 14, 1929

[*Begin Letterhead*]
73 BAY STATE ROAD
BOSTON MASS.
[*End letterhead*]

Dearest Mary,

I have been reading the life of dear Sarah with very deep feelings — some of them proud and others sad — I feel proud to think I have had a little part in all the book tells of; that I have found a great friend in you, as well as Sarah, and have been made welcome and "at home" in that dear house, so that I knew every bit of it, from the welcome at the door, up the beautiful stairs, to the lovely white spare room, and [down *?*] to the library and parlor; the breakfast room and the dining room, all of which are so present to me that I think I could tell you all the pictures on the walls and all the endless things of interest in each room! Perhaps the breakfast room is the one that I most long for, with its paper of blue and gay parallelograms — the [franklin *so it appears*] stove — the pictures of ships — the one with mother of pearl insertions — The sideboard with the photo of your old John leaning in

a doorway — You see I never knew anyone else who had a break-fast room — and how good your breakfasts always tasted !! and I was trusted to pour out coffee !!

The sadness comes

[Page *2*]

because I did not enter into it all as I might have done, and get closer to Sarah.

I hope I am a more "feeling" person now than I was in these old ^days,^ and a great sadness comes because I cannot have more of the visits from you here and at Intervale that have been so precious to me, and because I cannot again stay with you in the lovely house and have the freedom of it —

Well — one renounces, and is happy — for what one has had is still a possession, and I believe that all real things last us into the next world in some shape —

The book is admirably done, especially the earlier part — I seem to see your hand in much of it —

Roger and Doro* are due back from Bermuda this week, and I rejoice to hope that we have got through with the "line" storm — They are said to be improved in health and much tanned —

The children have all kept wonderfully well so far; and I am fairly well but with about as much endurance as a moth — If I were stronger I would make you a visit on my way to Intervale, but I know it would be foolish to try it —

Your very loving

Helen —

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

If Katy* has a specially good rule for [indian *so it appears*] meal* gruel, do ask her to send it to me.

Notes

Life of dear Sarah: Francis Otto Matthiessen (1902-1950) published *Sarah Orne Jewett* in 1929. See also Russell Cheney to Mary Rice Jewett of 14 June 1928.

Roger and Doro: Helen and Daniel Merriman's son, Roger, married Dorothea Foote in June 1904. Their children were Roger, Daniel, Dorothea, and Helen. See Merriman in Key to Correspondents.

"line" storm: Violent, usually large, rainstorms occurring during the period of equinox.

Katy: Katy Galvin. Key to Correspondents.

Indian meal is another name for cornmeal. Cornmeal gruel was considered a good food for invalids.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 366, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

E. P. Richardson to Mary Rice Jewett

Hotel Victoria - April 24th
[*1930*]*

My dear Cousin Mary,

One afternoon about thirty years ago when I was helping Cousin Sarah at a reception she and Mrs Fields were giving for a visiting celebrity — I remember M. Pierre La Rose* bursting into the room at a late hour, excusing his tardiness as he had just arrived in the New York train, but full of enthusiasm over his journey which had seemed short indeed owing to the

[Page *2*]

newsboys' calling out, as they left the N.Y. station "Miss Jewett's latest book! , Miss Jewett's latest book"! — and as he exclaimed "Before I knew it, I was at the Back Bay Station" —

Last Saturday, having to spend part of the day on the sofa — I looked at the books lying on the table & wondered which would give me the greatest amusement. Happily, I chose Mr [Matthieson's *so it appears*] biography & before I knew it, it was luncheon hour & I was already late for an engagement. [*Deletion*] ^His^ charming story brought back so many delightful hours spent at 148 Charles Street, and at Manchester when Theodore and I were asked to entertain ourselves, and yet always made welcome at the different functions given the older visitors like the Warners, the Howells, Mrs Whitman etc etc. And the luncheons at Mrs Howes & Mr Blacks! We were often naughty — & would smile afterwards on the verandah at some

[Page *3*]

of the stories that occasionally fell flat !! Another delightful afternoon was the Sargent exhibition ^Ian Macлaren* the visiting celebrity^ when Gertrude Rice (afterward Mrs Amory Lawrence) Molly Sargent (Mrs N. B. Potter) Julia Richards* ^Julia Ward Howes granddaughter^ and I helped with the tea. When the [tongs *?*] could not be found I remember Mr Barrett Wendell* saying: "Oh, my dear Miss Jewett, your fingers make it all so much sweeter"! So on & so on — I loved the whole book &

especially its delightfully smooth English so [rare *?*] now to read.

[Page *4*]

Juliet* is now giving lectures with very beautiful lantern slides in the Public Schools and also in some of the Private ones to teach the coming generation what wild Flowers may be picked & which ones left by the road sides so that the next passer by may enjoy them. She and I had a delightful hour with

[Page *5*]

Frances Shepard* the other day, between two of her lectures in the Newtons — She gave us a most delicious luncheon & we had much pleasure in seeing the [Hatwall *?*] boy* — who now can climb the stairs & back about, a fascinating child in every respect. Will you kindly remember me to both Katie and Lizzie* whom I should have taken out to luncheon the day I came to see the Horticultural Show had I known how to catch them — I learned of their being in

[Page *6*]

town too late to telephone. Mother is making a little visit upon William & his daughter while Eleanor is in Europe. Lizzie is with her —

Most affectionately,
as always,
E. P. Richardson*

Notes

1930: Almost certainly this letter was composed in 1930, after the publication of Matthiessen's biography and before Mary Rice Jewett's death in December 1930.

La Rose: Pierre La Rose may have been Pierre de Chaignon la Rose (1871-1941).

Matthieson's: Francis Otto Matthiessen (1902-1950) published *Sarah Orne Jewett* in 1929.

Theodore: Dr. Theodore Jewett Eastman.

Warners, the Howells, M^rs^ Whitman ...M^rs^ Howes & M^r^ Blacks: Families of Charles Dudley Warner, William Dean Howells, and Julia Ward Howe, with Sarah Wyman Whitman. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Black probably was George Nixon Black, Jr. (1842-1928). He and his mother were Manchester-by-the-Sea neighbors of Annie Fields, residing at their then famous home Kragsyde. See Kragsyde in Wikipedia.

Sargent ... Ian M^ac^Laren: In a letter of 16 March 1899, M. E. Wilkins Freeman apologizes to Sarah Orne Jewett for being unable to attend the "Sargent tea."

Presumably the Sargent tea was for American painter, John Singer Sargent. See Emily Sargent in Key to Correspondents. In 1899 he was working in Boston, and in that year completed a portrait of Jewett acquaintance Sarah Choate Sears. During 20 February - 13 March, there was an exhibition of his work at the Copley Gallery in Boston.

Wikipedia says: "Rev. John Watson (3 November 1850 - 6 May 1907), known by his pen name Ian Maclaren, was a Scottish author and theologian."

The insertion is in pencil, and without an indication of where it was to be placed.

Rice ... Molly Sargent ... Julia Richards ... Barrett Wendell: Gertrude Rice (1871-1907) was the second wife of Amory Appleton Lawrence (1848-1912). Find a Grave.

Mary/Molly Sargent Potter (1878-1962) married Nathaniel Bowditch Potter (1869-1919) in 1908. Find a Grave.

The insertion identifying Julia Richards is in pencil. See Laura E. Howe Richards in Key to Correspondents.

Barrett Wendell (1855-1921) was a Professor of English at Harvard University.

Juliet: This person has not yet been identified, though the context suggests she may be Julia Richards.

Frances Shepard: This person has not yet been identified.

Hatwall: This transcription is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified.

Katie and Lizzie: It is not yet known which Katie and Lizzie Richardson means.

A candidate for Lizzie is a South Berwick neighbor, Mary Elizabeth Hobbs Walker (1848-1934).

Katie could be the long-time Jewett employee, Katy Galvin. Key to Correspondents.

Richardson: E. P. Richardson has not yet been identified. As a result, people mentioned here who may be members of the family also are not yet known: William, Eleanor, Lizzie, etc.

The given name in the signature appears to be "Elyanth," but one of the letters may be an "i."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 370, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

Selections from "Beside the Grave of Maine's Beloved Sarah Orne Jewett"

By Sadia Costello Hanscom

Lewiston Journal May 18, 1935.

Note: some inaccuracies have been corrected in brackets.

If you too, have found joy and inspiration in Sarah Orne Jewett, then come with me at Spring's awakening time, and stand beside the grave of this woman, this writer who has preserved for generations to come, pictures of the "Country of the Pointed Firs," with its bayberry and wild rose lanes, its broad sea views, and, most important of all, the best side of its 19th century rural people.

Think with me, as we stand reverently here of the sweet and wholesome philosophy of Miss Jewett, as disclosed in her writings.

"Dying seems, after all, a simple and blessed thing, and one forgets the lifeless body in a sudden eagerness to follow the living soul into the new world." [from "Andrew's Fortune"]

And again; "Yet it only makes one sad to think it is autumn with the flowers, or with one's life, when one forgets that always and always there will be Spring again." [from "An Autumn Holiday"]

And yet again: "The life in me is a bit of all life, and where I am happiest is where I find that which is next of kin to me, in friends, or in trees or hills, or seas, or beside a flower when I turn back more than once to look into its face." [from "An October Ride"]

"God must always be putting again to some use the life that is withdrawn; it must live because it is life." [from "An October Ride"] And we wonder as we stand here, to what use her life has been put in that other world of which she was sure.

For nearly twenty-six years her spirit has lived over there, and we, too, feel sure that her work is going on, unhampered by that body which caused her so much weariness during her life here.

The Jewett Family Lot

This cemetery lies only a short distance from the center of the village of South Berwick where the Jewett house stands. The family lot is near the entrance, at the right, and is enclosed by stone posts connected by flat iron rails.

Here lie the bodies of Dr. Theodore H. Jewett, his wife, three daughters, the youngest daughter's husband and son. Dr. Jewett, the father, was the first to go, and his grandson, Dr. Theodore Jewett Eastman, the last. There will be no more for Dr. Eastman never married and he was the last of that fine family. The story of sorrow and grief on this spot is closed….

This [Dr. Theodore H. Jewett's] is the only upright stone in the lot. The other six are marble slabs, the size of the graves, laid flat on granite uprights. It seems a bit odd to have this one upright stone there, but when we stop to think, we know that the wife and mother had this stone placed, and while the daughters preferred the flat ones, they did not wish to change that which their mother had chosen for their father....

Some Bits of Sentiment

Under the grass on Dr. Jewett's grave lies buried a bit of sentiment. This is what Miss Sarah writes in the Spring of [1905 {1902}]:

> "I was saddened when I came home this last time to find that dear, bright, wise Bobby, father's tame little bird that he was so fond of, was dead. There never was a little creature with so true and good a heart. He knew so many things--tho not one trick! And he would chirp at me until I answered and spoke to him, and then would sing himself almost to pieces. How often I have laughed and begged him to be still; and now that live little voice is still enough and its wisp of grey feathers. John and I put him in a little box, and buried him when nobody else knew it, down under the grass on father's grave, where so much sweet cheerfulness lies still already. It was one of the dear links with those old days, and I can't help thinking that Bobby's spark of life is not put out altogether."

John, to whom she refers, was the coachman and man-of-all-work for the Jewett family for many years.

And here is another bit of sentiment connected with this spot. Sarah never outgrew her dolls. On September 3, 1897, she wrote: "This is my birthday, and I am always nine years old."

There was one doll especially beloved by her, and friends tell us that after Sarah's death, the older sister, Mary, had fashioned each year, a new dress for this doll. When Miss Mary died, one of the faithful maids, Mary or Katy, attended to having this doll buried with the mistress.

So the little grey bird and the beloved doll found places in the family lot in the cemetery.

Her Loved Ones Pass On

With Dr. Jewett's death, came his daughter Sarah's first real sorrow. On his long rides about the country she often accompanied him, and he talked with her as with an old and understanding friend, and so it came that "nothing that belonged to his mind or his work was foreign to her."

Her mother was the next to go, and then her sister Caroline's husband, while the sister herself died in 1897.

After Miss Sarah's death, the older sister, Mary, who had for many years been foremost in the affairs of the village, "seemed to gather the community into her arms, to become more and more its friend, counsellor and helper in all its joys and sorrows. Everybody in and around South Berwick came to her for everything," says Laura E. Richards in her book, "Stepping Westward".

Only six months after the death of his aunt, Miss Mary, Dr. Eastman, the last of the family, passed on. Just as Dr. Jewett was beloved and trusted family physician in South Berwick and surrounding towns, so was the grandson, Dr. Eastman, in his chosen field, Boston and vicinity.

"Sarah Orne Jewett looked at nature in its milder moods, and at mankind in its more subdued states of tenderness and resignation. She knew the rough side, but she simply did not emphasize it," is the way Francis Otto Matthiessen puts it in his biography.

Mrs. Annie Fields in her "Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett," says, "Her desire was to lay open for other eyes to see, those qualities in human nature which ennoble their possessors."

Those of us who are familiar with Miss Jewett's stories know this to be true. She emphasized the best always.

Writing to Willa Cather, from her own experience, she gives this advice: "We must be ourselves, but we must be our best selves. If we have patience with cheapness and thinness as Christians must, we must know that it is cheapness, and not make believe about it." And she goes further with this: "You must write to the human heart, the great consciousness that all humanity goes to make up, otherwise you can write about life, but never write life itself."

Miss Jewett knew this for early in life she decided, that she was "not going to write moral tales. She was going to write, not about life, but life itself."

We know that she did not deviate from this chosen path, for always she entered into the homes and life of the people which she pictured, leading her readers there with her.

Miss Jewett's Last Years

Never strong as a child or as a woman, a carriage accident in [1900 {1902}] left her to suffer much until her death nine years later, and in those years South Berwick came to be more and more her home.

Once she wrote to a friend, "I have had such drear times trying to play well, when I wasn't," and at the last she wrote, "Dear, I do not know what to do with me." Then it was that her friends knew the time was at hand for her to lay aside her work here. Her courage had always before been undaunted, and her joy in life great.

Miss Jewett's words written at the time of Longfellow's death, apply well to herself: "A man who has written like Longfellow wrote, stays in this world always to be known and loved — to be a helper and a friend to his fellowmen."

And so, with reverence, we stand on this sacred ground in the little South Berwick cemetery, and we know that of this family it may be said as Miss Jewett herself put it when writing of a family long gone from a deserted farm; "God keeps them yet; somewhere in His Kingdom they are in their places--they are not lost." ["An October Ride"]

Inscriptions on the Jewett Family Graves

DR THEODORE JEWETT
BORN
MAR. 24, 1815
DIED
SEPT. 20, 1878.

To the dear memory
of
Mr^{s} CAROLINE F. JEWETT
Wife of Dr Theodore H. Jewett
of this town and daughter of
Dr William Perry of Exeter
New Hampshire.
Born the eleventh of December 1820.
Died twenty first of October 1891.

They are all gone into the world of light

Sacred to the memory
of
EDWIN C. EASTMAN
Born the eleventh of April
1849
Died the eighteenth of March
1892

He asked life of thee and thou gavest him length of days forever and ever.

CAROLINE AUGUSTA JEWETT
wife of
Edwin C. Eastman,
and youngest daughter of
Dr. Theodore H. Jewett.
Born the thirteenth of December
1855.
Died the first of April
1897.

The flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever.

To the dear memory
of
SARAH ORNE JEWETT
Daughter of Doctor Theodore H.
and
Caroline F. Jewett,
Born the third of September
1849
Died the twenty fourth of June
1909

"Until the day break
and the shadows flee away."

In loving memory
of
MARY RICE JEWETT
Daughter of Theodore Herman
and
Caroline Frances Jewett
Born in Exeter New Hampshire
the eighteenth of June
1847
Died in South Berwick
the twenty eighth of September
1930

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

THEODORE JEWETT EASTMAN M.D.
son of Edwin Calvin
and
Caroline Augusta Eastman
Born in South Berwick
the fourth day of August
1879
Died Boston, Massachusetts
the ninth day of March
1931

"And now he hath set sail
A gallant spirit!
From these busy shores
To peace and a safe harbour"

Notes

Caroline Augusta Jewett's motto is from Isaiah 40:8.

Edwin Eastman's motto is from Psalms 21:4.

Caroline F. Jewett's motto is from Henry Vaughan (1622-1695), a Welsh mystical poet who wrote in English. "They are all gone into a world of Light!" appears in *Silex Scintilans* (1655) and begins, "They are all gone into a world of light! / And I alone sit lingering here; / Their very memory is fair and bright, / And my sad thoughts doth clear."

Sarah Orne Jewett's motto is from the Song of Solomon 2:16.

Mary Rice Jewett's motto is not actually readable, but Hanscom affirms the text supplied here, which is from Deut. 33:27.

The source of Theodore Jewett Eastman's motto has not been discovered.

The Jewett Family Grave Plot
Portland Street Cemetery
on Agamenticus Road, South Berwick, Maine.
Photos from June 2003.

A fenced in square, with lilac bushes in the back corners.
Left front to back: Theodore, Caroline, Sarah, Mary.
Right front to back: Edwin Eastman, Caroline Jewett Eastman, Theodore Eastman.
Only the father, Theodore Herman Jewett, has an upright stone; the others are sarcophagi.

View of the Jewett plot from the east side.
Shaded by lilacs in the morning sun.

The Eastman graves are in the front row.

Sarah Orne Jewett's grave is in the middle of the back row.